

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

# Maclean's

JANUARY 4, 1982

\$1.00

God's new  
warriors



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## Top is well Red

Poland's crisis is very complex, not only because the country is in an almost hopeless economic mess but also because there is so little belief in its leaders (*Poland's Hour of Anguish*, Cover, Dec. 21). What the Polish people are seeing by Prime Minister Jaruzelski's actions is the reality that all power must be firmly in the hands of the Communist party leadership and must be maintained downward from the top, never up from the bottom. What we cannot allow to continue is the fact that while Western countries are busy acquiring a global consciousness the Soviet Union and other tyrannical governments are slowly acquiring the globe.

—MICHAEL J. SMITH, U.S.A.

Toronto

Despite the fact "... that Soviet domination of [Poland] has been characterized by a lighter touch..." the Poles reportedly have nothing to sit in this position, as you stated, "The war-fare, never noted for its application, has taken to celebrating new freedoms by striking at the slightest provocation." If true, do the Poles deserve the sympathy and support of the world? It seems to me that your picture of a graying worker, rather than one busy performing his job, tells a lot.

—MORTIMER KLEIN,  
St. Catharines, Ont.

Power being transmitted downward

## A blitzard from the capital

Your article *The Unfinished Charter* (Canada, Nov. 26) is grossly inaccurate as it relates to Saskatchewan. We were prepared to agree to a resolution being introduced in Parliament based upon the Nov. 5 accord. However, Jean Chrétien suggested that the accord be changed to provide that Section 26, the equality to men and women section, not be subject to any parliamentary or legislative override clause. Under discussion at the same time was the reintroduction of the *Indian Act* and the *Indian Rights* of native people and which we

had wished to see as part of the new accord. Saskatchewan's attorney general, Roy Romanow, teleoned Chrétien on Nov. 15 affirming that we would agree to proceed on the basis of the Nov. 5 accord or we would agree to Section 26 being freed of any override. However, we also stated that any modification of the accord must also include the reintroduction of *provisions for treaty and aboriginal rights*. This position was distorted by Liberal spokesmen in Ottawa to mean that we opposed a freestanding Section 26. This produced a blizzard of telegrams and e-mails as to release the Tele message. As the facts show, our position, as stated in that Telex, did not change in any material respect.

—ALAN BLARENBY  
Premier of Saskatchewan

## The deck is stacked

As a not-so-racist feminist, I can appreciate the humor in George Janz's *Polina* (Dec. 21). Nevertheless, in his efforts to be witty and entertaining he has missed some basic points about stereotyping and sexism. Most people do not stand back from the stereotype of a woman as he does. I too would like to believe that a stereotype is just "a convention, a bottom line," but what if one has to live with it all one's life? And no wonder men don't have to live "a lifetime of over" commitment. Being male so women are never dinner does not prevent him from getting a job, but being married, divorced, a virgin, or a virgin's virgin.

—ELENA M. TY,  
Toronto

## PAGES



**DECEMBER 21** Newspaperman Martin Goodman, 46, of course, is Toronto's *sunshine reporter* and exacting administrator. Goodman started in newspapers at the age of 16. He rose rapidly at the *Toronto Star* from a reporter at age 23 to managing editor 18 years later and, ultimately, in 1978, to president and chief operating officer. Goodman was immediate past president of The Canadian Press and was awarded the Order of Canada last October.

**DECEMBER 21** The eight-year prison sentence of Thelma Gault, the unemployed partygoer who, while playing with a *schlager* two guitars, and a New Year's Eve fire in the Chapin, Queens, community hall, killing 49 people in 1974, during the sentence, in 1978, he president and chief operating officer. Goodman was immediate past president of The Canadian Press and was awarded the Order of Canada last October.

escape fire protection equipment in the hall and highly flammable space bough decorations—contributed to the bush fire.

**IN A HEATHEN A** was held by Northern Ireland's extreme Protestant politician, the Rev. Ian Paisley, by the U.S. State Department. The leader of Ulster's hard-line Protestant Democratic Unionist Party was scheduled to make a speaking and fund-raising tour of the U.S. from Jan. 15 to Jan. 26. His visit was rescheduled after 136 members of Congress protested to Secretary of State Alexander Haig.



**DECEMBER 21** Jay Waldo Mantel, 75, former cabinet minister in the Conservative government of John Diefenbaker, is a London, Ont., hospital. Mantel, who has been a member of the Ontario Legislative Assembly since 1961, was riding of Perth from 1961 to 1972. Mantel

was minister of health and welfare from 1967 until 1968, during which time he launched Canada's fitness and amateur sports program.



**SEPARATED** Actress Elizabeth Taylor, 40, from her sixth husband, U.S. Senator John Warner, 54, after adding in her husband's 1980 election campaign. Taylor abandoned the pastoral life of senator's wife and gentleman farmer last May to make her stage debut in Lillian Hellman's *The Little Foxes*. She now plans to found a repertory company which will feature herself and other Hollywood stars.

**AFGHANISTAN** Army hard-liner Gen. Leopoldo Fortunato Galtieri, 56, as president of Argentina. Following the dismissal of Roberto Viola by the ruling military junta on Dec. 11, Galtieri is the third military president in the economically troubled country since María Estela Lorenza was toppled in 1980.

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## Beautiful but different

In your profile on Allan Gotlieb (*6*), *Chin Players' Moves to the Top*, Dec. 15, Canada's most distinguished diplomat, I am somewhat tentatively described as "eccentric." Certainly your handling of the quote I gave you is eccentric and bizarre. The first quote leaves the clear impression that former camp counselor Gotlieb would have been too busy reading books to have a bevy of campers from drowning. In your hands, my feeble attempts at bombast and humor have tarred Gotlieb into the cruellest man ever known since Charles Manson. You quote me as saying that I have as much in common with Gotlieb as I do with a "... Moose-Pearson tractor." In terms of class, social status and world-weary sophistication, that is probably true. But in terms of purity of soul, good memo writing and good looks, Gotlieb and I are certainly equals.

—LAUREL KLEF  
Toronto



Allan Gotlieb: purity of soul

Your article about our new ambassador to the United States, Allan Gotlieb, is the most vivid piece of journalism I have ever read. In your eyes Gotlieb is a bad choice because he is an intelligent person who doesn't stop up and drink Scotch all night.

—D. COLLETT  
Ottawa

## Pulling on the heart strings

I find it terribly ironic to read an episode of *Two of a Kind* (Canada, Nov. 30) in the same issue as an article dealing with the question of sterilization.

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of mentally handicapped people (Jan. 30). The selfishness displayed by Jason Reid's parents is surpassed only by their apparent lack of concern for the emotional well-being of their son. Perhaps sterilization of so-called "normal" people who abuse their children by using them as pawns in failed adult relationships should be legislated immediately. I have been most fortunate in securing several mentally handicapped people among my friends and have always been impressed with their lack of need to pursue self-serving interests.

—GAIL CONRAD  
Terrence Bay, Ont.

Your article on the sterilization of the mentally handicapped doesn't tell the whole story. I have a patient who was sterilized by the province of Alberta at 14 years of age. Later, I learned that she had been living with different men and treated mostly as a burden until she was thrown out on the street, and, of course, she was not covered by social assistance. It irritates me that, at 14, the province found her to be so handicapped that they ordered sterilization and that now we want to prove she is entitled to some assistance. The worst I have to prove is that they were right in the first place.

—J. TERNAN M.D.  
Poultice Creek, Alta.

## Vote for the noose

Mac Hag's position, *Crucifying the Long Arm of the Law* (Dec. 15), is correct and long overdue. At present we have a system that protects wrongdoers and not the wronged. What a shame! What a blot on our society.

—JOHN E. BRILLICK  
Bogart, Sask.

## Exit the blob

Your article on Robert Rabinson (Profile, Nov. 22) restored my faith in the arts. For too long now talented people have spent our abstract blobs that a lot of provincial people have turned on art. Whether Rabinson paints animals or perhaps even studies an abstract. He has the one quality that should be associated with art—talent.

—KEITH R. STATA  
Kitchener, Ont.

## Let's make a deal

We would still find some who hold that motherhood and parenthood are gifts of giving and receiving that are not duplicated in day-care centres (Dec. 15). Your article strikes a new note. It denigrates the "little lady down the street, or 'Auntie Ma,'" suggesting that professional attention is what our babies need. To all the Aunts 'Pis who, lacking degrees and far poorer pay, have loved our kids and provided individual attention to the child and parent, let us say thank you from the bottom of our hearts.

—JOHN FELDSTEIN  
Dorchester, N.S.

People like those mentioned in your article *Caring for the Little Children* only pretend that they are concerned about how their children will be raised. If they are so worried, why don't they stay home and raise their children themselves? I'll tell you why—it's so much easier to place the blame on someone else if something goes wrong. And if teachers are a problem, they could always look after a couple of other children as well as their own, which would also teach their children the value of sharing and compassion. People seem too greedy. They're not willing to postpone having everything for a few years in favor of giving their children a good start. What's more important, five years out of your career or five years of a child's life?

—DARLENE LEBLEY  
London, Ont.

Your article on day care made me feel sorry with Canadian women. They are more in love with their psychology than their children. A woman's place is in the home, at least until a child reaches school age. But this could only be done when overworking is stopped. A child doesn't care if everything you have is the best. A child only needs a parent's love and care.

—E. BUCH  
Mississauga, Ont.

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# Tipping the scales of justice

By Douglas MacKintosh

The proponents of Canada's new charter of rights may, in it, see steps but, in my opinion, they have been beguiled. For there is little doubt that the charter, as it now stands, could lead to either disaster for law and order. In effect, it abolishes parliamentary supremacy and empowers judges to override our elected representatives whenever their decisions are based on the charter. Judges, therefore, acquire that crucial "last say" on everything touched by the charter. Thus, the real threat of entrenching this charter is not to guarantee rights but to guarantee the courts' unopposed control in defining and enforcing them. This involves a major shift from parliamentary democracy and makes a majority of the nine-member Supreme Court of Canada the country's most powerful politicians. An element

of oligarchy is introduced as never before experienced in Canada. And since our judges are appointed, not elected, all the votes in the land cannot divide one single judge.

Are Canadians really ready for the legal logic that will inevitably result from the tidal wave of constitutional reform? Take Section 24, for example. It is beyond comprehension why virtually all the politicians in Canada left it in the charter. Section 24's plain words would empower our courts to impose unlimited punishment for charter breaches. It would compel the courts to suppress evidence obtained in breach of charter rights if the admission of this evidence would "bring the administration of justice into disrepute." In other words, crucial evidence that would reflect badly on the manner in which it was collected and introduced into court. Like a transformer, Section 24 increases the voltage of all the other charter sections. Armed with the section, the constitution no longer merely sets out the forms of government and limits its powers, but has the potential to become the most powerful penal statute in the land.

Under Section 24, the courts may impose, for charter violations, any remedy they consider appropriate and just. Given some skilful interpretation, this could include capital punishment. They could free whole police forces or imprison a police minister. Surely a trial period for Section 24 as an ordinary amenable statute would have been a much wiser course. As it is, the section is a terrifying stranglehold because it invites unrestricted crime in that the police will be encouraged and encouraged, and there will be such a great army of rights for criminals that the possibility of conviction will become remote.

Consider the plain words of the police. One wrong investigative step, such as a search with a defective warrant or seizure of the wrong goods, can lead to unlimited charter punishments. The hunter becomes the hunted, and the whole essence of Canadian justice revolves in searching for technical errors by the police rather than determining the guilt or innocence of the accused. Furthermore, we won't be able to blame the police if, faced with this onerous prospect, they read the

provisions correctly and quickly occupy the high ground before their situation gets out of hand. After all, with their numbers and backing they could easily turn themselves into the most powerful lobby in the country. And so one could say such a move would be illegal unless the freedom and rights of the charter have been interpreted otherwise. And as for the criminals? Section after section in the charter gives the accused person added rights (there are no equivalent rights given to crime's victims). Why plead guilty? Whereas today this is the chosen route for most accused, and only a small fraction of cases go to trial, with the charter this situation will be reversed. The days of quick trials will be over—every trial is likely to become a long ordeal to the charter's many-chained to advantage. And there will be endless appeals. The system will not be able to cope with the huge extra load, and legal costs will skyrocket. We can't afford it.

Hoping for delays and withdrawal of criminal charges, every court-wisdom will try to use the charter in two ways first, to try to get the courts to punish the police for breaching charter rights. This poses threat for clients and, where well orchestrated, could easily overwhelm the prosecution. The second will be an attempt to suppress evidence obtained by violating the charter. In light of this, every investigator will probably need his own lawyer at trial for protection. It all adds up to an excellent recipe for a crime wave.

In the final analysis, the magnitude of the problem will depend on the Supreme Court's decision. But how can judges be induced to make the right political decision? Even if huge demonstrations were staged before their doors, it is unlikely that the chief justice would step forward as a spokesman to assuage the demonstrators' anger. The relevant approach through politicians is improper. And judges do not receive delegations. Perhaps only a group powerful enough to bring the country to its knees—the Canadian Labour Congress or a lobby of industrial magnates, for instance—would be trusted to.

Will the Supreme Court judges show political acumen? Could they, for instance, recognise their dilemma by forming a judges' assembly where key political decisions could be thrashed out with the help of professional politicians? Will they be able to sort out the tangled mess of zoning out (in Section 33) so that Canadians will be able to understand their own constitution? These will tell. But perhaps the real amendment to our new constitution should be to give Canadians the right to elect judges.

Ironically, the federal government has just constitutionalized the Human Rights Institute to do a study into the implications of the charter of rights as it affects federal legislation. And the Bill's committee is pondering its ludicrous possibilities. No doubt they must be wondering what sort of a country Canada expects to be creating.

Douglas MacKintosh is assistant Crown attorney for the united counties of Leeds and Grenville in eastern Ontario.



## Shining for a century and a half

Grand Rock Light stands blinking in the grey-blue December twilight, 12 km off the northeast end of New Brunswick's Grand Manan Island. Named after the ball wire lamp of stone on which it is perched and the large seabirds that once frequented the place, the brilliant beacon has been warning mariners away from rugged, treacherous shoals at the mouth of the Bay of Fundy for a century and a half—beginning in Christmas Eve, 1831.

History doesn't tell if any ships were close enough that first night to follow the new guiding star of the East, but many have used it since. The dangerous 24-km stretch of ledge that runs seaward from Grand Rock toward Maine has claimed many victims—among them the brig Charlotte, whose demise helped bring about the establishment of the light. Bound for Saint John's out of Greenwich, Scotland, the Charlotte hit Western Man's ledge on the snowy night of April 30, 1829, and sank almost immediately, taking down all her crew and a valuable cargo of textiles, woolens and paper. Less than a year later the New Brunswick legislature, which had been regularly petitioned by the long-suffering merchants of Saint John, finally appropriated "a sum not exceeding £1800" (about \$3400) to build and main-



Grand Rock Light (above) reviving beacons. If you don't have a hobby, you're pretty near lost out here.

tain a light somewhere on the shoals. After testing with experimental lanterns to see which lantern could best withstand the wrath of the sea, the light-keepers over-estimated shore Grand Rock, and the light there has been flashing ever since.

Today, a 500-watt revolving electric beacon sits atop a tapered, octagonal, 27-metre-high lighthouse made of wood and concrete and painted with black and white vertical stripes (to indicate that this lighthouse is Grand Rock). Two stray living quarters are attached to the lighthouse, and the only other structure on the rock, which Indians called "Mushkash" or "bare place," is the former wharfe house, now used to store the station's oil and freshwater supplies. Of 40 light stations in the Bay of Fundy region, this is the most isolated. "If you don't have a hobby, you're pretty near lost out here," concludes principal keeper Alex Dorian, 61. When he isn't performing regular checks, he maintains and mends the readings, down while away his extra hours with Westmerr's station's two crew, each consisting of two men, work alternate months on the rock and spend the rest of the time at home with their families. At that, they are notably better off than some of the light's previous keepers, who were lucky if they got where once a year, although they often had their families living with them.

A marvelous spot for viewing sevens, Grand Rock has treated its inhabitants to unusual experiences. One of these was in early October, 1873, when,

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for several days running, lightkeeper Walter B. McLaughlin watched billowing clouds of smoke pass overhead and detected the acrid smell of burning buildings. "I am of the opinion that some large city, such as New York or Boston is burnt," he wrote in his log. When the supply boat arrived with his mail a few days later, he learned not of the destruction of those cities, but of the Great Chicago Fire.

Gannets are no longer abundant in the rock, but countless other species pass by each spring and fall on the migratory bird path. One of Denton's more gruesome tasks is disposing of birds that are killed flying into the light-house at night. "I've seen to pick up 300 or 400 on the deck in the morning."

For Denton, the most compelling experience is nearly 20 years as a light-keeper was the violent Groundhog Day's Gale which tore into the Maritimes on Feb. 3, 1976. "I think we possibly saw that day as rough as we in the Bay of Fundy as anybody ever saw and sold about it." Mountains waves crashed over the rock, blowing off windows in the dwelling house, flooding the first floor and knocking out the communications link with Grand Maan and the mainland. For several hours nobody, including Denton's wife, Isabel, who was anxiously waiting at home on Grand Maan, had any word on the fate of the lighthouse and its crew. Says Isabel:

"Some of the fishermen said Gannet Rock wouldn't be there when the storm was over. Hearing those rumors didn't help." Finally, late that night, a flood on an adjacent island called, and holding the telephone up to his customer radio, he Isabel hear Den's voice. "It was a bad break," he recalls.

This Christmas will find Denton back out on the rock after being "boiled up," as he says, for several months following a serious operation. Unlike second keeper Delbert Fleet, who last year brought along a small tree given to him by his grandchildren and even cooked a turkey on Christmas Day, Denton and his partner Kevin Warthen deliberately eschewed all signs of the season. "If we don't have anything with us pertaining to Christmas, then it's just another day. We'll have our Christmas when we get to the house for New Year's." Likewise, the Canadian Coast Guard, which looks after lighthouses, did nothing to mark this year's Gannet Rock milestone. "We just go from year to year, from century to century here," says Lawrence Backett of the Coast Guard office in Saint John. "Besides, we can't throw big parties and taglines' expenses."

Well, it may be that no celebrations are needed. Perhaps just knowing that the light that marks the place first shone on a Christmas Eve 160 years ago is indeed enough. —DAVID PALMER

### DATELINE: SPAIN

## Sober days for sherry barons



By David Baird

Each year, Spain's sherry barons throw a war-dog to celebrate the grape harvest. This year was no different. With 500 million L of wine in the cellars, the growers of the Jerez vineyards were up to their ears in the bubbly beverage. Last fall, the town of Jerez de la Frontera in southwest Spain resounded with festive celebration as rich and poor indulged in a bawdy of drinking, dancing and singing. At dawn, thousands still thronged the town squares, where flamenco music and the sound of popping corks came from the scores of winery booths. Jean-dad teenagers, gold-jewelled matrons and six-year-olds in swirling zorro-style dresses pinsettled to the music. Talk and wine flowed, and flowed. "Everybody comes to the fair," explained a Jerez native, pouring another dry sherry. "They may have only three perras but they spend it so they can live for a moment like a seahorse."

Jerez has plenty of free sektors (independent), the strath sons of the 35 or so families who have long dominated the sherry trade in Spain. Impressively mannered, elegantly dressed and equally at home in Spanish or Oxford English (many attended British schools), they inhabit a world of

specious estates, thoroughbred horses and fast cars. "The aristocracy of the ball," it is a tightly exclusive society—at war until recently when outsiders began casting covetous eyes on the vineyards of Jerez, but an export trade worth \$200 million annually.

Despite the lavishness of the festa, a trower of sherry has been running through Jerez for the past few months. It is rumored that several multinationals are about to snap up lodges (wine firms) that have run into financial trouble. In the

Jerez Domestique in building (top) and harvest countless eyes

early '80s, soaring exports induced the barons to borrow heavily so they could plant more vines and expand their facilities. Since it takes at least seven years for a vine to mature, production is now swelling just as the market is in a slump. Exports dropped from a record 102 million L in 1979 to 127 million L in 1980, and only an abnormally small grape harvest, due to drought, brought a brief reprieve last year to bodegas hemorrhaging with wine.

Not that it is easy to find a sherry company that admits to a crisis. "We do have larger stocks than usual, but lower production will take care of that," murmured one member of the large Domecq family, doing his own little bit to reduce the sherry in hand. One of the giants of

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All of starchy sailing pretty wall-to-wall cozies (center), picker refreshment in vineyard, brewer of wines

the business, the Pedro Domecq empire, is 85 per cent owned by five brothers of the family. Around Jerez, the Domecqs symbolize the baroque lifestyle. At the sprawling ranch of Alvarez Domecq, it was hard to believe that anything as mundane as cash problems could cloud the family's horizon. After entertaining guests at an outdoor lunch, Alvarez Jr., one of Spain's top exporters (bull-fighters or bananists), entered in private to demonstrate his skills. "He doesn't have to do it, you know," commented one observer. "He has enough money to live well without travelling around the burlings of Spain. And he has dozens of magnificent horses, each worth maybe \$10,000. One slip in the rug and he could lose one."

In Jerez these days, proud members of most old families are anxious, for more than one family firm has fallen prey to take-over. The Garvey bodega and the illustrious old firm of Williams and Humbert have fallen into the domain of Jose Maria Ruiz Mateos, a wheeler-dealer, hard-driving son of Jerez who has parlayed a minor bodega into a commercial octopus known as Bursan, a company whose very name sends chills up and down the spines of the old, established families.

Renovating the profits from its banking, hotel and real estate interests, Bursan has as far swallowed 16 bodegas and struck successful successes that maximizing profits does not necessarily go along with producing quality wine. This could, however, be a case of your grapes, for Bursan companies now account for almost one-third of the region's exports. Another venerable company, Terry, has just been bought by a financial group from Barcelona, heralding more aggressive tactics in a business that was once a gentleman's club. Warm old, baroque from the New World have now a fresh look. Although Mr. Tim and Mr. David—as the staff affectionately call them—still head the old port and



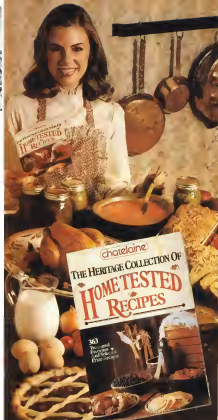
Female celebration chilled spices

sherry firm of Sandeman Brothers and Company, it is now owned by The Seagram Company Ltd. of New York, which picked up the firm for an estimated \$40 million in 1984. As a bid to improve the balance sheet, Seagram's is now taking over distribution in many countries. "Seagram's want things done their way," says John Kirkwood, a Sandeman's plant manager. "But they are at great pains to say that they do not want to interfere with the traditional manner of making sherry."

Paternalism in sherry country is fast fading and the newcomers are inheriting a disgruntled group of laborers. Even though militant unions have won wage increases of 300 per cent since 1974, for the 3,000 seasonal workers in the region (drawing pay for an month's pay or less, life is still hard, a sentiment confirmed by the sword on a wall near Jerez. NO TO THE LAMBS. IT PRO VINCIT VINCERE AND VINCERE VINCIT. On the rolling acres of vineyards, where the sun beats down relentlessly and the heat bakes up from the white, chalky earth, there was not much to celebrate this year. "The pay is 825 for an eight-

hour day, but this year the harvest only lasted 11 days," shrugged 13-year-old Jose Garcia Ramos. "And there's not much other work around here." Pedro Pacheco, the Bodega's mayor of Jerez who threatens municipal intervention in the industry, claims many of the bodega's problems are simply due to sheer incompetence in an increasingly competitive market. Pacheco allies that bodega, virtually the only source of employment in the area, have sacrificed quality for quantity. Bodega employee Peter Kacber echoes his words. "Some firms continue to make quality sherry, but others are trying to speed up the process and sell wine that is not properly aged. Every year the quality of the wine goes down."

This criticism hurts, for the sherry barons pride themselves on their product and the strict measures enforced by a central board. A white mortgage has built up around the creation of fino, oloroso, amontillado, about the delicate blending and the aging in colonial bodegas with wall-to-wall oak casks (2 million at last count). The banister Jeronimo is in proud of the sherry name as the wildest inferior. "Being a Jeronimo is a second career," boasts one Jerez, a city of 110,000, takes a proprietary interest in its wine and its folk heroes. When Bursan owner El Terremoto (the Earthquake) died last September in the white town stood in silence. When pitcher-banged entrepreneur Luis Flores founded vineyard, the Jeronimos held their palms in prayer. And when local insider Rafael De Pueta faces a bail, according to legend, "the sun stops and the wine stop breathing." The less easily moved northern Spaniards, Jerez is a caricature, a frontal throwback, and maybe a source of envy. For, whatever its faults, Jerez has style. A style that even the most thrice-dreaded resident is prepared to defend. "Behave, we already have the best horses, the best women and the best wine," said one. "We don't need Coca-Cola" ☐



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## God's new warriors

By Val Ross

**J**osed Stalin, the 20th century's monument to irreligion, once expressed his disdain for the power of God in a single-sentence snarl: "The Pope," he spat, "how many divisions has he got?" At the time—1935, and the height of his power—the Soviet dictator's words seemed ridiculous but strikingly appropriate. No longer.

During the past year an astonished world has awakened to a strikingly different continent. Believers everywhere are suddenly finding their once-holy sanctuaries for the street. The armies of the righteous are at the gates of governments. Throughout the spring, Afghan Mujahideen grabbed their resting rifles and rushed joyfully to the banner of the crescent—and to holy war against the godless Soviet Union. At Russia's other border, Polish trade unions, fresh from contention before the crisis, struck and marched in open defiance. Then in the name of the Prophet, Islamic fanatics attacked the Pope and killed Anwar el-Sadat. In the name of another God, He of the Old Testament, Orthodox Jews defied the Israeli government and stood firm on "Jody land" belonging to Egypt. Says Louis Groerstein, professor of religion at Hamilton's McMaster University: "The big swing in all traditional religions is back to gaining political power and using it."

The forces of faith, irreligion, conservatism—and sometimes anarchy—are changing the contours of politics. Scripture's soldiers are redrawing international boundaries in the Golan Heights. In Latin America, liberation theology priests, nuns and lay workers rally the opposition to military governments. Muslim fundamentalists, stirring throughout the Middle East, have just attempted to overthrow the government of the Gulf state of Bahrain. Poland's clergy are the government's last hope for domestic rule. Where a nation's sustained diplomats are the big hope for

more international support, Belgium can no longer be counted on as the establishment's reliable ally, "ready," as Karl Marx once said, "to ease of need to defend the aggression of the proletariat." Changing the rules has changed the nature of religion. No longer the spirit of the people, it has so far become one of their most potent stimulants.

The new religious activists offer a dizzying mix of martyrdom, humanitarian concerns and outright fanaticism. They may be young idealists ready to die for the socialist fundamentalist ideals of the Muslim Brotherhood, free enterprise Moral Majority fighting for the right-to-life or nuns teaching peasants harsh control. They are the first to deny that they have anything in common with one another. But though their political presumptions are a babel, their underlying messages voice the same spiritual concerns. "Ideology aside," says Rev. Tom Anthony, the Anglican Church of Canada's director of World Outreach, "they are all talking about their notions of justice and the preservation of community." Dr. Anwar Ahmad, a Pakistani Islamic scholar, echoes the warriors from all sides of "materialistic moral values." Adds Toronto's Temple Sinai's Rabbi Jordan Pearlson: "What's common in the concerns to preserve little people from the absence of power."

The resurgent religious power in the secular world has led to self-identifying among the believers themselves. When religion and politics mix, it is religion that loses its credibility. The ended Iranian Ayatollah Mohdi Rezaei, for example, charges that his country's stern revolutionary doctrine has gone hopelessly wrong. "It is in tarnishing the image of Islam," he means. Everywhere Jewish communities, synagogues, and even families, are torn apart over Israel's right-handed claim to occupied lands—see "Sewers and Jews," as the crisis now may be called on state seals.

For Catholics, perhaps the most important question is whether the activities of lay workers

Sacred at prayer (left) Latvian Christian (right) before the after changing the contours of politics

helping guerrilla organizations or fighting for counterpotheses and divorce will irrevocably undermine the Pope's authority and the structure of the church. Voicing Christianity's personal concerns, Anglican Bishop Ronald Hallis of Montreal asks, "While I cannot say permission to take vows [priests stand as individuals, should the church take a stand as a church]"

What is most surprising is that these ancient church-state debates should be recurring at the end of the 20th century. After all, this is the century in which leaders of Third World liberation movements—Russia's Lenin, Turkey's Kemal Ataturk, China's Mao Tse-tang—banned society and scripture from courts, hospitals and schools in the belief that they were among the chief causes of the backwardness of their people. To Third World leaders bent on modernization, the secret of the West's success was its hard-won separation of church and state.

The separation is virtually unique in humanity's long history of divinity-oriented societies. While religious states were often totalitarian, democracy was born among the agnostic Greeks. It was a return toward the 13th-century quarrels of popes, kings and Holy Roman emperors when Europeans had to make genuine political choices according to conscience and self-interest. Europeans then also struggled to separate scripture from scientific inquiry to clear the way for his magnificent leaps of empirical and technological knowledge. The growing alliance of science and secularism had spurred the West to achieve the highest standards of living and learning in world history.

By the middle of the 20th century, the retreat of traditional religion was almost complete. Trade and colonization had spread the West's gospel of secularism everywhere. Islam, always a political force, had been subordinated by leaders such as Egypt's General Abdel Nasser and Indonesia's Sukarno to nationalism and socialism. In Europe and North America, attendance in churches, synagogues and divinity schools declined. "God is dead," the theologian volunteered. And John Kennedy brought in a splinter of Russian clergy sharing to his belt with the promise, "I believe in an America where no religious body seeks to impose its beliefs on the people or the actions of its political officers."

Today, traditional religions have been militantly reor-

ented. The Western secular model has lost its appeal, even to the West. John Coleman, professor of religion and society at the University of California at Berkeley gives one reason: "The phenomenon is because of the failure of modernization, the moral bankruptcy of the American model." Last month, the Catholic hierarchy of the U.S. unanimously condemned atomic war and joined Protestant and Jewish leaders in denouncing Reaganism. After 36 years of passivity, Eastern Europe's "Church of Silence" has raised its voice—not only in Poland but in neighboring Lithuania. Just weeks after the accession of the Polish Pope, Lithuanian priests took the unprecedented step of calling a Moscow press conference to say they had decided "to defend our church's sacred rubric."

A decade ago, Karskie law was applied literally to only a few abolitionists and innocents in the Arabian peninsula. Today, more than 120 million additional believers—Pakistanis, Iranians, Lebanese—are alarmed by threat of annihilation of the land for theft, stolen arms for adultery, and trial for these offenses before a purely religious court. In Guatemala, El Salvador and the Philippines, individual clergy have joined the guerrillas. Clergy now hold political office in Zimbabwe (where Methodist Rev. Chinwe Biondo is president) and Nicaragua, where the ministries of education, culture, welfare and foreign affairs are now headed by priests.

Even the extraction of scripture from science is now back for a critical re-examination under the microscope. "Value-free" science is taking the rap for everything from pollution to the ludicrous concentration camp experiments on Nazi doctors. Islamic scholar Dr. Anwar Ahmad states the larger disquiet: "The shallowness of Western civilizations—its suspension of judgment, its materialism—has been clearly brought out by two disastrous world wars. Joe Hoffman of the Center of Concerns, the Washington, DC-based Catholic think tank, exults: "The religion of secularism is being swamped by revived religious consciousness."

That religious consciousness—the faith of millions—is what makes religion a political force today. Across North America, excitement in theological schools is now at an all-time high. In Africa alone there are 55,000 new Christians a day. An Orthodox's ranks swell throughout Africa and Asia. Islam grows faster. Twenty-five years ago, one African



Irish street-fighter (above), Israeli soldier at the Walling Wall, giving voice to the silenced



in four new Moslems. Today, it is one in two. And now, with a world total of 500,177,000 Moslems, the Prophet's followers almost outnumber Christ's by 947,000,000.

The people with the greatest appetite for the new spiritual stimulus are the previously isolated. The brilliant socialist Ayatollah Khomeini recruited them as his constituency when he named his political party "The Party of God, The Party of the Disinherited." The Iranian revolution was backed by jobless youth, apologetic villagers, the poorest flotsam on the edge of the modern cities, and the "Bazaar" class of small retailers and craftsmen threatened by the state's grandiose technocratic plans. Youth, and the poor, were also the constituency of clergy-backed dissent in Egypt, the Far East and Latin America.

Any day outside the churches of downtown San Salvador there are hundreds of unemployed campesinos milling around. Once landless and starving in the countryside, these who have not already joined the guerrillas are now angry and starving in the city. Through the churches such people have found a voice, and their masses make it a strong voice.

Even in North America, the churches speak for those who consider themselves otherwise politically powerless. Gregory Baum, visiting professor of theology at the University of Montreal, believes that the combined effects of centralized media, big business and the entrance of minorities and women into competition for jobs have robbed small-town middle America of its sense of status. As a result, small-town North America turns to the Moral Majority, with its condemnation of New York intellectuals and Washington technocrats and its promise of power on earth as well as in the hereafter.

In some totalitarian countries, religion offers the only opposition. The London-based Institute for Policy Studies noted in a recent report on Iran, "The mullahs alone were able to continually distribute information and offer dissenting criticism of the regime." In Poland, despite gunfire in the streets, the church stands firm and almost silently opposing military suppression of Solidarity in the Philippines today, all media is censored under martial law. Instead, "black-headed newspapers" shelled up by the local priest have become the most credible information network in the islands. Here, too, the church performs the same grudging documentation function that it does in South Korea and Central America, keeping a tally of some victims, the "disappeared" and violations of human rights. There is simply no one else to do the job.

At the same time that religion began to give voice to the previously silenced, it also learned how to use the power of technology to boost its message. Cassette tapes were the medium used by Khomeini's followers to spread their leader's call to spiritual recommitment while Iran. In El Salvador, the Archbishop's private radio station was so successful in undermining the view that there were three bomb attacks against it.

But communications technology only enhances the basic power of institutional religion—the internationalization, its exclusivity and its sense of community. The international religious conspiracy so deeply hinted at by angry occupants of the comfortable pews is in a sense accurate. Two weeks ago, for instance, representatives of Islamic opposition movements from West Africa to the Philippines jetted to London to discuss a common strategy for the first time.

Bombardier's prime minister, former guerrilla leader Robert Mugabe, has always gratefully acknowledged the support the churches gave his 11-year-long struggle with the white supremacist government. "The churches internationalized our grievances," says Mugabe. When the Canadian inter-church activist group CATTV was writing background papers for the Berger commission, it turned to its fellow religious activists in Beirut for material on the suspected effects of massive resource extraction development in the



The Pope greeting Lach Walewa (left), Philippine nurse protesting martial law: an interdenominational religious controversy?

Amazon River Basin as the local native population.

Adding to the potency of this international alliance is the fact that people trust the message religion is giving to them. Churchgoers in the way most tender revolutionaries of the postwar world—such as Iran's Tudeh Communist party or the Guevarra—failed to ignite the power when later religiously allied struggles succeeded. In El Salvador, it was the Catholic hierarchy and co-operative projects of the early 1970s that galvanized the people. The peasants believed revolution was necessary when it came from the lips of black-robed priests. Wherever priests took up the cause of the left, the left inherited the grassroots contacts that had hitherto eluded it. In Nicaragua, the left-wing government added its literacy campaign workers for their own safety, in war-torn zones when visiting villages. At least seven workers, mostly Catholics, had been murdered by peasants who thought they were spreading communism.

Clearly religion has emerged as a third force, a reaction against the Cold War games of both East and West. "Both systems are affronts to the dignity of the human being," states a document of the National Council of Churches of Latin American Catholics of 1968. "Both are creeds of Satan," stated Khomeini 10 years later. Certainly both East and West ideas have shown equally antagonistic fronts to religious activists, impressing them in Siberian camps and torturing them in Argentina.

But perhaps the most powerful weapons in the hands of the troops of the faithful are simple religious symbols—symbols that resonate with people's deepest yearnings, griefs and joys, sacraments that are the outward and visible signs of inward and spiritual grace. As the Danish religious philosopher Søren Kierkegaard said, "The spirit dies and its role ends, the martyr dies and his role begins." Religious images of faith are moving mountains. In Gdansk stand three towering iron crosses outside the shipyard to commemorate the death of 80 workers in 1970. On Jewish Defense League banners, a clinched fist bursts through the Star of David and the words affirm ancient ceremonies the Holocaust's era culled. On Tehran walls the scribbled graffiti THIRTEEN ISRAELI WERE KILLED WAITING FOR YOU testifies to the fervent belief of the masses that the apocalyptic war is his generation.

Faced with that kind of power, it is no wonder that politicians seek the imprimatur of religion. "Religion makes things legitimate," says University of Toronto sociology professor Irving Zeitlin. "You can use a religious-political justification for West Bank settlers' rights." In Pakistan, General Zia (Islamic tradition to establish his ruler's legitimacy."

Even these regimes at odds with sectors of their countries' church hierarchies need their ideological backing. For instance, at the height of its suppression of Chile's Catholics, General Pinochet's junta turned to Catholics and Protestants to do the anniversary mass for the government. But says John Foster, the United Church of Canada's director of research and studies, "Eventually they had to arrive at some settlement with the [Catholic] church. After all, they claimed to be defenders of Western Christianity."

It is precisely the profound power of religion to legitimize government, make revolution righteous and demand a duty or heroism, that renders present trends politically terrifying. Thoughtful believers of all the great religions today are split by fear of the effects of political involvement. Will the new power lead to Jerusalem or the City of God, the domain of the divine? Gregory Baum worries aloud, "Given mankind's propensity to wage religious wars, the danger of future wars of intolerance may increase." The danger is especially real when a creed is inescapable—for when there is only one divine truth, dissent must be heresy.

Certainly not all modern politicians recognize and seek wisdom through such creeds. Last year marked the first meeting of Canadian Muslims and Jews to discuss common interests of human rights and education. As the New York-based

Rabbi Wolfe Kamin says, "Fundamentalism is the religion of God's mighty servants."—the original ideological breakthrough of the 19th century. "Now all of society seeks the re-establishment of [theocracy, or even economic] political power. Their position is best summed up by an Iranian ayatollah, Ruhollah-Musavi. "Obedience to the people," he stated, "is far more important work than holding any government position."

Nevertheless, worrying questions strike deep into each of the great religions. Muslims agonize over whether the 15th-century Koranic law can be applied literally to 20th-century social relations, economics and the administration of justice. Lynn Aida Wells, Canadian representative of the Federation of Muslim Students, believes it can. "That is the religious rejection, and I believe in its total rejection," says Basit Mohammed al-Nawahi, one of Cairo's leading Islamic scholars, considers the code obsolete. "Today, enlightenment is not done by the hand, but by the brain," he says ironically, "so logically you should cut out all the hand but the brain." The quarrel between literalists and modernists has moved to the streets, where the full Quran police have guarded Moslem fundamentalists' rallies, arresting thousands.

Jews are reluctant to admit how deep the rifts of their religious disputes have cut. But in the narrow streets of Mea

Shushan, Jerusalem's Orthodox quarter, where Jews may be spared for riding bicycles on the Sabbath, while at the same time soldiers under fire on Israel's ragged frontiers cheer the ultra-Orthodox, who not only refuse military service but who have been known to state that Syrian and Egyptians are the sword of an angry God. Some observant Jews are scrupulous to show that God wants the Israeli people to keep commandments, not just that they are Jews. For example, Yoram's Rabbi Yehuda Pines has said, "There are passages to justify all points of view."

The Arch Cantor of Jerusalem, "Thou shalt not kill," is revered by Muslims, Islam and Christianity alike. But the question of nonviolence remains the most thorny for Christians who follow in a compassionate Prince of Peace. Just two years ago, St. Salvador's Archbishop Oscar Romero was executed after taking the position that violence by Christians can be justified when a dictatorship seriously violates human rights and cuts off all chances for change. Dr. Clarke Macdonald, deputy secretary of the United Church of Canada's division of religious affairs, says "It's a problem. It's a paradox. My hero is Martin Luther King, who asked all his supporters

to expiate the spirit of revenge. But I cannot condone those who after years of trying take up arms. Christian love is not easily quelled. It has a risk of steel running through it."

And far all the moral faith, there is the threat that political involvement poses to religion's very nature—to its transcendence, its offer to refresh man's soul, its promise of loving community and brotherhood. Fundamentally, the greatest of political problems is that, and eventually, government must be compromised or pragmatic to meet contemporary needs and mystery of the divine. Yet the fact that religion is enmeshed as a political force cannot be changed, and it is a hope that all politicians must reduce with. Where religion will take politics is still an open question. It may guide it into the realm of ethics and brotherhood, or shunt it into history and ideology. But there is no questioning the fact that the divisions of the divinity are already in the field. □

*With also from Terry Shuler, David Valiga Brier, Brenda Koss and the Jerusalem Area Writers. Peter Newman. Eric Schen. Emma Sanchez. Richard Valley and Robin Wright.*

## The motorcycle priest

By Anne Nelson

Jesus de Santiago is a tall, boyishly handsome man whose brown hair, tawny hair and rugged grin make him look more like a Spanish pop star than the world and revolutionary hero in Al. At 30, Jesus has been an active and militant supporter of Nicaragua's left-wing Sandinista movement for almost seven years. Jesus was even prepared to take up arms alongside the guerrillas against dictator Anastasio Somoza. That he did not follow through on his intention was due to one thing: when he was only 17, he spent three years out of the country in 1970. Instead, he spent the months leading up to the revolution traveling through Europe raising support for the cause.

Jesus is now back in Nicaragua and has taken up his work once again. Every morning he hops on his big red motorcycle and heads off. His days are spent working closely with student groups, teaching them a mixture of Christianity and revolution. Jesus believes there is no conflict between the two. "Our role is to live the Christian experience within the revolutionary process," he explains. "We believe that the revolution gives precise correspondence to the stage of radicalization process, in the encounter with the Christ of the poor."

In pursuit of these twin goals, shortly before noon he sets out for barrio San Juan, a Managua neighborhood. He is to attend a lunchtime meeting of a number of priests, nuns and lay workers involved in youth work similar to his. The house belongs to a group of men, some Nicaraguans and some Spanish nationalists like Jesus himself. A native of Valladolid in central Spain, Jesus' nonchalance is usually to take out Nicaraguan citizenship.

A cluster of young men talking in animated voices awaits him eagerly. Sister Marie Oropesa comes out to the porch to greet Jesus, making bread and wiping her hands on her apron. Dr. Jesus explains that close collaboration between the church and the government is not most ideal support. "You can only be objective in your criticism when you're walking with the people," he says. For example, the church once organized the Sandinista Front for work in the use of government vehicles. The Sandinistas quickly cut back. Their fear is also happy that the

Sandinistas have actually facilitated many aspects of religious life, including traditional ceremonies and celebrations. "Many Christians look up some during the insurrection, while others of us were called to work in medicine, surgery and working out machines who had been detained," he explains. "But we also feel that we support the Sandinista Front and its organizations, not because it's the Front, but because it is in the vanguard of the popular process to promote justice and peace in this country. The day it no longer represents that process, it will have lost support."

By midafternoon the meeting breaks up, and Jesus sets out for a high-school meeting in the countryside, a good hour's ride over the rough roads. By late afternoon he is back at his house in Managua, which he shares with an other from Jesus has time for a quick rest and supper under the twinkling stars of San Juan Bautista de La Salle, the founder of his country's religious order, the Christian Brothers. He confesses that he has had as much trouble with his disapproving order as he has had from the Somoza regime. Almost in defiance, opposite La Salle, the pioneer eye of evolutionary Cesar Augusto Sandino also looks down.

That evening Jesus attends the Pentecost festival "The power of the spirit," or the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, is Nicaragua's traditional national holiday. In Jesus' neighborhood, as in many others, the celebration will be held under the auspices of the local Sandinista Defense Committee (CDS), the organization the Sandinista Front has set up all over the country to demobilize and exploit national government policies. Many of the leaders of the CDS, such as Elias de Guevara in the barrio of San Juan, were important collaborators with the Sandinistas during the insurrection. In front of her house is a Pentecost altar surrounded by candles and palms. "We Sandinistas will always believe in God," states Elias de Guevara firmly. "Who, we were celebrating the Pentecost right in the middle of the war."

For his part, Jesus makes clear where he would stand should the revolution be threatened. "If it becomes necessary for us to take up arms again, we will take up arms," he says. "But the only will never turn ourselves to be forced back into the past." □



## A rabbi for the barricades

By Reia Silver

It was Druckman in a new kind of rabbi. He is a dynamic, remarkably controlled, low-key and methodical. His every day is concentrated to one aim—building a new generation of Zionists to protect Eretz Yisrael, the sacred land of Israel. To this end he juggles roles as teacher, cleric, politician and organizer. His day begins at the sun rises over the campus of Mirra Shapira, a complex of religious universities and high schools on the farm belt south of Tel Aviv, and ends long past midnight. Mirra Shapira is not an ordinary yeshiva, a religious teaching facility, where pale, scholarly students bend over their holy texts. Mirra Shapira is more like a kibbutz. The rows of bungalows that Druckman walks past are bright with well-lit gardens. The 300 or so schoolboys that Druckman goes to join are dressed in jeans,

sweaters and open-necked shirts. Together they pray in the new concrete high-school assembly hall that replaces the traditional synagogue.

The service is without awe or ceremony. The ritual here is also a chore. It must be completed in good order, but as quickly as possible. There is so much more to do in the day. At 6:45 Druckman is back in his bungalow for an informal solitary breakfast. That is when the phones start ringing. They won't stop for 12 hours.

Directly Israeli in his cordigan and knitted skullcap, Druckman has been formed as much by the political suggestions of state survival as by the study of the Torah. At 49, he is as vigorous as a member of the radical National Religious Party (NRP), sitting on the government benches. He has run the Mirra Shapira campus for 25 years, and while the school is now 15, it was only 10 years ago that he was on the way to 20. In that time he has turned the school into a seed-bed for the Gush Dan settlement movement, which has consistently pressured Israeli governments to keep the land taken from Egypt and Jordan in the 1960s war. He feels so strongly about this right that he has sent his wife and seven of his nine children to live in Yarmut, a town about to be returned to the Egyptians as part of the Camp David agreement, to empty an abandoned house in defiance of the law.

The rabbi spends most of his day sitting at a folding wooden table covered with a checked plastic cloth. As he prepares his lecture notes, the telephone interrupts steadily. The calls may be to know about everything from the sacred to the mundane—from the business of the school to that of the party and the movement. Teachers come in to discuss the problem of pupils or get his signature on school reports. But it is mid-afternoon he steps, as most Israelis do, to listen to the news minute news—the bell as that plays him into the latest report on the fate of his country.

At 12:30 a group of 30 young men come for a lesson in Jewish philosophy. One has brought a tape recorder. They

are in their third year of Yeshiva. Healer, and split their time between studying and scholarship. They are serious and ready-to-work, having completed their training as tank crewmen. For one unanticipated hour the rabbi is completely a teacher, his voice rising in the singing rhythm of the synagogue.

But the day is going fast. Lunch is over a scant 15 minutes. This particular afternoon, the night is heading to Yarmut. On the way into the Yarmut, the teacher's voice rises. The talk now is only of politics. He sent his children (aged 4 to 21) to Yarmut, he explains, "to express the fact that we should give it away." As for the price there? "I suppose I would accept it." The Yarmut area is Eretz Yisrael according to the Bible. Yarmut you said, you said, I said. I am against everything any settlement we get in Yarmut. But, he was asked, if King Hussein offered to make peace as the same terms as President Sadat, that would the rabbi contemplate handing back the West Bank? "No with a capital M," he explains.

The discussion turns to the 800,000 Arabs who live in the settlements. "I would offer them citizenship once we have declared Israeli sovereignty over the West Bank," he says, as they recognize and identify with the state of Israel. "But if they refuse?" "I am very sorry. We shall show them the door."

In Yarmut, Druckman and about 40 Gush Dan religious families are moved for a confrontation come next April. What will the families do when the Egyptians are at the gate? Druckman is reluctant to give details. But he is very careful to stop short of advocating violence. "I am against lifting up a hand against Israeli neither or any other Jew," he says. "I would definitely not fight physically."

Before arriving at Yarmut, the rabbi does "off." On the three days a week that he attends parliament in Jerusalem, he sleeps in the car all the way there and back. Yarmut is under siege. Dilapidated houses whose weak construction have welded the gate in the perimeter fence around the farm concrete grid of the already sprawling house. Druckman screams through a hole in the wire and walks to the gate and back to his house away from home. His wife, Sarah, a well-drawn black and white figure, plays off of his side that he is making a mistake. "One day," she smiles, "he said we ought to go to Yarmut. I had been waiting for it. When you are going what you like to do, you don't feel it's a sacrifice."

When the rabbi leaves to go back to the campus, his eldest daughter drives him to the hole in the fence. He sleeps most of the way back. There he prays again, sits again, takes more phone calls and teaches late night classes. At midnight most of the students go to bed. A single stay to talk. Other teachers join there. At 2 a.m. Rabbi Haim Druckman can go to bed—for all of four hours. □



Druckman at work: the phones never stop ringing

# The Islamic thunderer

By Emma Soares

At the first light creeps in through the high, barred windows of Cairo's Tahrir Prison, Sheik Kishk crawls from his cellmate's tiny cot, faces Meera and recites his dawn prayers. After a meagre breakfast, the blind prisoner has little else to do but read his battered book of the Quran—the only reading matter allowed to the thousands kept in solitary confinement in Cairo's largest prison. His cell is structured around the five sessions of prayer ordained by Islamic tradition, interrupted only by occasional sessions of interrogation and deliveries of institutional food pushed through the door of his cell by an ever-changing roster of prison guards.

At the end of the night, a former member of the militant Muslim Brotherhood, Sheik Abdul Hamid Kishk is no closer to prison life. In the 1950s, under President Gamal Abdel Nasser, his denunciations from the pulpit against the evils of a despotic society landed him in prison. Four months ago he was again thrown behind bars. Arrested secretly, even as he sat in the middle of the night—one of 1,500 political and religious leaders rounded up on the personal orders of the late president Anwar Sadat.

Now the mosque of El El-Hayat in one of Cairo's poorest quarters is calm and half empty for Friday prayers. A government-licensed preacher leads the worshippers. But before Kishk's arrest, thousands of worshippers gathered there, overflowing the mosque and spilling into the street where the faithful, kneeling on prayer mats, brought traffic to a standstill. The headdressed sheik wears a white jilbab, the uniform of the fundamentalists, stepped in the microphone, hundreds of hands would hold out tape recorders to catch his words.

Fridays—the Muslim sabbath—begin for Kishk with a period of meditation after his dawn prayers. At 10:30 a.m. he would take up his position in front of the microphone in the police mosque and begin his sermon with his customary and splitting invocation of Islam's 19 names of God. Kishk would then begin his thundering denunciations of godop attacking the government and always referring to the frustrations of his largely poor audience whose lives remain a constant battle against spiralling prices, food shortages and inadequate housing.

In recent months he complained that 80,000 foreigners were living in apartments that otherwise would be available to poor Egyptians. He attacked modernism in the sciences and issued out for the government for using public funds to send officials on pilgrimages to Mecca. "The state cannot legitimately send people on hajj unless it has fed everyone

who is hungry and clothed everyone who is naked," the sheik thundered. "And those who put chains on you and who choose them. They come back with new cars, clothes and guns." He also railed on Arabs who take European vacations with all money that could be spent hiring an army to retake the Al Aqsa mosque in East Jerusalem from "the sons of apes, the Zionist gangsters."

Kishk's origins are a mystery, as is his age, although he is believed to be in his early life. Until his arrest he lived in the shadow of El El-Hayat mosque, leading a simple life devoted to teaching and counselling to the massive population living in the central but decaying area of Hadeq El Kishk. The semi-solitary his ever-growing audience, his followers raised funds to build a three-story annex to the mosque. It was there, on Thursday afternoon, that Kishk held classes of religious education for women. He preached a harsh doctrine of jihad to return to their traditional Islamic role. He instructed them to wear the veil, to give up their jobs, to attend school and learn about Islam only in the mosque. He told them that their role was to stay at home, to raise children and to tend to their husbands and brothers.

Despite the fact that Egyptian women have long been among the most liberated in the Arab world, only adopted this way of life after listening to Kishk speak. His Thursday classes were packed and after his arrest hundreds of weeping, veiled women demonstrated outside the mosque. The group refused to disperse until police arrested a number of women.

Although careful never to name President Sadat specifically, Kishk tirelessly and fearlessly attacked measures taken by the government as examples of how badly government leaders applied Islamic law. And without referring directly to Iran's Ruhollah Khomeini, Kishk said, "The ground is shaking under the feet of Islam these days." In another sermon he told his followers that police agents were spying on them, taping his words while pretending to pray.

Under other other sheiks, who preach for only half an hour at a time, Kishk held his sermons extended for more than two hours. In the modern-day tradition of famous Islamic religious leaders, his every word was taped. Cameramen of his Friday speeches were heard daily in Cairo blaring out from tiny kiosks that sold the tapes on street corners. The headdressed sheik was rarely disturbed by a growing band of young followers. By attracting Kishk, the government has managed to silence a persistent critic, but only to a degree. The street vendors profess to be no longer selling his cassettes but in private the second voice thunders as ever. Impressed, Sheik Kishk is anything but forgotten. ☐



Kishk in prison the mosque overpiled with faithful

# The might of the righteous

By Michael Posner

I was an idiot that night that gladdened the heart of my corporate associates. According to the accountants, Alexander Grant & Company, the 1984 ledger showed the annual revenues had more than doubled—to a tidy \$5.7 million. But the recipient of this fiduciary goodwill earlier this month was no ordinary commercial enterprise. It was, instead, the Moral Majority, an evangelical conservative action lobby, which in only a few years has become an increasingly influential and controversial part of the American political process.

Indeed, the sharply rising curve on the Moral Majority's income graph parallels the growth of its political clout. Founded in 1979 by the Rev. Jerry Falwell, the Moral Majority now claims some 70,000 ministers across the land and five million contributing members. It is a moral—same word, say, sermons—consistency that has made its views known on an ever-expanding range of issues affecting both foreign and domestic policy. Through direct mail, in print and, most vividly, via Falwell's daytime gospel-hour television show (which last year grossed \$63 million), the Moral Majority has mobilized its grassroots forces to campaign against politicians demonstrably out of step with its thinking.

That mobilization has not been ineffective. In the 1980 election, the Moral Majority was credited with helping to unseat half a dozen liberal Democrats, including such notable figures as Senators Frank Church and George McGovern. In their stead, American voters sent to Congress men far more in tune with the Moral Majority's fundamentalist and mostly Republican views. As a result, the U.S. Senate fell under Republican domination for the first time since Eisenhower.

Moral Majority support is also required by some analysts to have been critical to the election of Ronald Reagan. Reagan was expected to win when Jimmy Carter failed in making the Moral Majority's bested dream come true. That would include a constitutional ban on abortion, the restoration of prayer in public schools, and an end to both sex education and the championing of equal rights for women and homosexuals.

On most of these points, the Moral Majority is still awaiting action. By design, the Reagan administration has deferred on social agenda until the new year. In the meantime, the Moral Majority and other conservative groups have been rewarded with federal appointments whose basic philosophies reflect their own. For example, one top bureaucrat, the surgeon general, Dr. C. Everett Koop, has been forced to announce the country's deepest disapproval and the decline of the family in a two-day multimedia extravaganza called *Whatever Happened to the Human Race?*

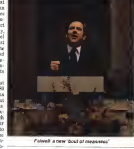
Another symbol of the new political reality in Washington

turned up in the federal budget. Despite Reagan's unrelenting drive to slash government spending, one new program was created. Its objective: to establish a chain of storefront counselling centres to promote family chastity.

The Moral Majority's influence, however, extends well beyond the political arena. The national television station has been cleared of its most provocative weekly social, moral and religious. The organization is not the result of poor ratings. Rather the change comes from threatened church-organized opponents of advertisers sponsoring off-putting on-air and drama. "We do not want to be lost to our companies," explains Morris Chasman, chairman of the College Church of Christ in Oklahoma City. "But we do not want to lose the products of people who are understanding the moral fibre of our society." Television and advertising executives charged that the clean-up crusade was a move too subtle

forms of censorship, but they bowed quickly to the pressure.

Such victories have only fuelled the Moral Majority's appetite. Its leadership is now looking for new targets, spending out on defence budgets and foreign policy issues. During October's debate on the state of the U.S. abroad, to Sen. Arlen Specter, Falwell campaigned actively against the arms package, contending it would imperil Israel's security. This willingness to engage its resources on the larger political battles of the state has presented a bitter controversy. Rev. Timothy B. Leary, president of Georgetown University, has complained that "the new righteousness" runs counter to Western religion. Challenging it to McCarrington and the New Klan Klan. Father Leary said that the Moral Majority really represents a new sort of messianism. "The presence of evil, a Barthian



Falwell: a new kind of messianism

met, went further, accusing Falwell of using "old-time religion and new technology" to stage a radical assault on American freedoms. Rising publicly to the Moral Majority's defence, conservative columnist William F. Buckley Jr. retorted, "If it's Father Binky's point that all those who become angry are like the New Klan Klan, then let the angry as well those in Islam, who get very angry at the night prayers."

Nor does the debate end there. To counter the Moral Majority's political machinery, a new liberal organization—the Committee for the Future of America—has been recently formed. And a coalition of moderate Christians and Jewish leaders has recently begun to criticize the Reagan administration's gains before-federal budget strategy.

It is far too easy to say how long the Moral Majority's presence may last or how powerful it may become. In the opinion of some commentators, the spore of an ethic may have already been sown by Reagan's election. But on the evidence of last month's vote, the grassroots spirit is still out there in the American community, ready to be led in its decisions, still moved by Jerry Falwell's passionate rhetoric, and just waiting to be born again.



# A little help for foam families

By Ian Anderson

**L**ike actors in a low-budget horror film, some 80,000 Canadian families live within walls that breathe a clear, almost odorless and possibly cancer-causing gas. Their cause is infected by an insulating material whose common acronym has the playful ring of a baseball mascot—UFI. Urea formaldehyde foam insulation. With UFI in the walls, the homes have become virtually unshakable. Most families cannot afford to move. Even after the federal government finally stepped in last week to exercise some of its own culpability, it appears that Consumer Affairs Minister André Ouellet is alone in imagining the day when a UFI home will recover its pre-installed value.

The fact that Ouellet could receive \$116 million in UFI relief from his cabinet colleagues is a measure of Ottawa's guilt. The federal government not only approved use of the foam but actually subsidised its distribution to 80,000 homes through the Canadian Home Insulation Program (CHIP). For the moment, Ottawa will pay a maximum of \$6,000 per household to help control the gas release, Ouellet announced three days before Christmas. But that may prove a drop in the bucket. No one is certain what dangers lie ahead as the foam insulation grows older or becomes

subject to moisture from, for example, a particularly brutal winter. "Let's be honest, there's not enough research done in the area," conceded Clark Lowry, the former armed forces colonel appointed to direct the government's UFI information centre.

For \$5,000, a homeowner will not get the UFI ripped from his walls. Instead, government inspectors will test the home for its gas content and propose remedial steps—only where the formaldehyde levels exceed 0.1 parts per million. Health officials suspect such levels are tolerable for most people, the cancer risk equal to smoking one third of a cigarette a day, according to the department of health and welfare. To get any excess gas down to that tolerable level, the foam insulation will be sealed into the wall, some allowances will be made for gas release to the outside air, and extra ventilation equipment may be attached to furnaces. "We're talking about diluting what's there," Lowry explained. An aide to Ouellet added surely that his department had created a whole new industry.

While previous little is known about the long-term effects of the gas, Ouellet mounts speculation about possible health hazards is exaggerated. Formaldehyde gas is produced from such diverse sources as car exhausts, perfume curtains and dried foods. Research

in the past two years, however, has demonstrated that high exposure to formaldehyde causes a runny form of cancer in the nasal passages of laboratory rats and mice. High concentrations of the gas can cause humans to display such symptoms as eye, throat and nasal irritation, nausea, headaches and dizziness.

Such side effects were unknown when Ottawa approved the product in 1977 through the Canadian General Standards Board after an aggressive lobby by UFI manufacturers. But civil servants at the time complained that industry representatives were not providing enough information about the product. Concern about the safety of UFI began to grow after the state of Massachusetts banned its use in 1979. It took Ottawa another 12 months to reach the same conclusion—three years after it had approved it.

The matter of blame is of permanent concern to the 80,000 UFI-struck homeowners\*. At last count, there were some 100 outstanding lawsuits—600 against contractors and manufacturers, the rest naming federal and provincial governments.

Ouellet's response seems more likely to provoke another federal-provincial

\* Nearly all UFI homes are in four provinces: Quebec (30,000), Ontario (28,000), B.C. (14,000) and New Brunswick (8,000).



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At Market expanding UFI in his Elmhurst, Ont., home, Ottawa helps to create a whole new industry—foam removal.

PHOTO BY GUY LAWRENCE FOR THE GLOBE AND MAIL



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confrontations over who should pay the extra cost of replacing those items not fully covered by the federal program. Ouellet estimates that one out of every four 1994 homeowners will have to pay up to \$30,000 out of their own pockets to get the formaldehyde gas down to acceptable levels. According to Ouellet, the province has been "dragging their feet" on the matter. According to the province, Ottawa is solely responsible for the mess. Perhaps the most telling moment came last week when Ouellet argued that Ottawa would not have to pay any extra for 1994-related health problems, since those cases would be covered by Medicare. ☐

#### BRITISH COLUMBIA

### One man's fight not to go home

For the past five years, Larry Pickney has languished in jail in Mission, B.C. During that time, he vigorously maintained that Canada has denied him his full civil rights. But it was not until the United Nations Human Rights Committee in Geneva added its weighty voice to his claim last month that officials in Ottawa were obliged to pay attention.

The world body accused Canada of violating its commitment to provide speedy justice by failing to produce in a reasonable time court records necessary for Pickney to appeal his conviction for attempted extortion. While most court records are made available within five months, Pickney was forced to wait 2½ years—a delay he feels allowed his case to "grow cold" and contributed to his appeal being denied. And even though he has now paid the full penalty for his crime, he feels his freedom is still in jeopardy because of the way he has been treated by Canadian immigration officials.

Pickney, who headed the radical Black Nationalist Independence Party in San Francisco, was sentenced in 1975 to attempting to extort \$50,000 from a group of Asian immigrants in Vancouver—a conviction that the U.S. body did not challenge. Pickney's story is that while working to bring about an alliance between the American black movement and emerging black African nations, he had stumbled on information about a smuggling operation involving Canadian immigration officers and Asians coming to Canada from Kenya—information he intended to pass on to Kenyan officials. The Canadian court accepted Pickney's evidence that he had indeed been dealing with an official of the Kenyan Embassy in Washington. However, it refused to be-



Pickney in 'office' behind bars: tales of 'hush money' and outraged Asians

lieve that when he had asked the alleged smugglers for \$50,000 "hush money" it was merely as a ruse to confirm the suspicions he had voiced to the Kenyans.

Although his five-year jail sentence ends Jan. 13, Pickney's problems are far from over. While the normal extradition procedure would allow him to choose the country to which he is to be deported, immigration Minister Lloyd Axworthy has used his ministerial powers to specify that Pickney must be deported to the United States—despite the fact that Pickney claims to be a political refugee from that country.

Pickney says he was framed by American police on assault and burglary charges and that—after being extradited in 1974—he jumped bail and fled the country for Europe before being sentenced. To bolster his story, Pickney points to U.S. government evidence received last year under U.S. freedom of information laws indicating that the FBI used a wide range of "dirty tricks" to disrupt and discredit other black activists in the United States. Last fall, Amnesty International, the London-based human rights group which won the 1977 Nobel Peace Prize, accused the FBI of lying, fabricating evidence and threatening witnesses in attempts to get black and latvian activists jailed.

Pickney applied for refugee status in Canada after his arrest in 1977, but the immigration officer refused to allow

him to give information about his political activities. He missed the five-day deadline for appeal, and all his subsequent efforts to have his refugee request reopened have been rejected.

For his part, Ian Rankin, an assistant to Axworthy, says the Canadian government is aware of the recent revelations about the FBI and the black activists, but it still has no intention of allowing Pickney to present his specific claims. "This case has gone through the process," says Rankin. "At this point there is no way, now, to consider his claim as a refugee."

During his five-year legal struggle with Canadian authorities, Pickney has turned his cell at Mission Medium Security Institution into an office full of files relating to his case. At this point he harbors no illusions that Canada will grant him refugee status or even give him the opportunity to present his case for it. But he is hoping that the U.S. ruling may encourage Canadian authorities to let him be deported to the country of his choice.

Meanwhile his lawyer, Sean Gaestner, says there are indications Pickney might be welcome in some European countries, where his case has received wider press attention. Above all, Pickney wants to avoid going back to the United States, where he faces a jail sentence for a crime he insists he never committed. "That's the bottom line," he says. "I'd like to see what it's like to walk outside the fence again."

—LINDA MOQUAO

## An angry island, entire of itself

"They tried to frustrate these negotiations before, when Joey Smallwood was premier, says fishermen's wife Anita Best, 35. "They tried to move the people out of Peninsula Bay. But these three communities held on. And I think it's going to take more than pulling of the Hagdale to get them to move out of it, myself." Best and the 185 other inhabitants of South East Right face being marooned without any public waterborne transportation after May 15. CN Marine is truncating its money-draining coastal services in Newfoundland, and one of those economy measures is to truncate the motor vessel Hagdale's north-coast run from Port aux Basques at the Buns Peninsula station rather than sending her 300 km into Florida Bay to the port of Miramichi, Argentina.

With an exit route, the people in such remote outposts as Pettit Point, South East Right and Paradise see themselves out of new winter without mail, freight service or emergency transportation. "Southwest is another place," agreed an anonymous Florida Bay caller in a last telephone poll. Coastal boat service on isolated Newfoundland's south coast goes back to the 18th century, and only now, 22 years after Newfoundland joined Canada, are many coastal communities being linked to the main highway system.

Federal Transport Minister Jean-Luc Pequin, justifying the cuts announced earlier this month, noted that 86 per cent of the \$11 million cost of the south-coast service comes from Ottawa. Hence the truncation of the Terrebonne-Argentina segment of the south-coast run (including the French island of St. Pierre), the reduction of the Terrebonne-Port aux Basques winter passenger service to two trips from there, and the isolation of the considerable outposts of Milneville, St. Alban's and Harbour Breton and, on the southeast coast, between St. John's and St. Anthony on the island's northern tip, the elimination of Jean's of no fewer than 35 more ports of call.

Although the voice of the people is no longer the voice of God as Newfoundland—as an often-days cabinet minister St. John Grenville once observed in connection with francophone non-membership, the politicians, federal and provincial, stepped nearly to leeward of the faith. Pequin said plainly that the transport department and CN Marine had together studied a revised



Hagdale arriving at Fortuna, the voice of the people is no longer the voice of God

coastal transportation package, and the forthcoming changes were those recommended by CN Marine. Moreover, said Pequin, the Newfoundland government has been prying to these discussions. That was not the case, retorted nearby Peninsular Transportation Minister Ken Dixon, wedged into the

breach by Premier Brian Peckford. L. Marine, outraged, said Pequin's department imposed cuts on the corporation. It little he had Ottawa's cause that only in November did CN Marine announce that the summer east-coast gulf ferry service between North Sydney, N.S., and Argentina would be cut by 55



Unloading freight at Gray River: short of 'blackmail' the word was 'inevitable'

per cent to save the federal government \$4.2 million a year. Now, the coastal service cuts will save \$2 million more in 1984 and \$3.5 million in 1985, and, said Pequin, those savings would go into a \$178 million pot of federal money available for land transportation projects in Newfoundland.

The key word was "available." Ron Dineen staged a sort of screaming Ottawa of Newfoundland. But he added, "We have been told what the cutbacks will be, and now we have a choice of whether or not we want to spend that money [saved by cutbacks]. If we don't make a decision as to whether we'll spend it, Ottawa has indicated that there are other areas in Canada that will spend it." Pequin said he had been trying to get Newfoundland's agreement both for the cuts and for an announcement of federally assisted airstrips, one-way and highway construction, but the province "does not wish to be associated with the less attractive aspects of the deal"—in other words, did not want to be seen by south coasters as endorsing the partial removal of their service.

Tenber permanent and dozens of temporary jobs will disappear in Argentina when the coastal freight shed there is abandoned and four more jobs will be cut out at St. John's with the ending of the St. John's-Argentina rail-water freight link.

The argument that new roads make sea transport in outport Newfoundland superfluous is sometimes technical to the point of speciousness. For one, English Harbour West, on the west side of Port aux Basques, is 100 km from St. John's, but it takes 100 km to drive from there to Port aux Basques, 65 km across the bay, yet because of useful geography—require a 550-km road trip route to St. John's and down again. Meanwhile, the routes made by the 300 people of South East Right, Paradise and Pettit Point seem not to have been wasting breath. Last week, Pequin's department admitted it will soon call for tenders on a new small vessel which may be assigned to carry passengers and mail freight to the presently stubborn outposts.

"But," says Marguerite Hane of Pettit Point, "we've heard nothing." Hane, 57, who operates one of six grocery stores in the area, predicts the necessities of life will become much more expensive when the Hagdale is taken off French milk, eggs and frozen meats will have to be brought in such as catch can freeze: road contracted. Berta Peninsular settlements haves away by small boat. "Now we order from Carboneau on Monday, they truck it to Argentina on Wednesday, and the order is delivered on Thursday. But when the boat goes, what are we going to do for anything? We don't know—no one's told us."

—BLANCKE JAYNE



Andres Alberto Quintanilla: Six years old. Suffers from bronchitis and asthma. Lives in a mud-walled hut. Family income: \$1 a day.

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# For Poland 'normality' means pain

By any standard, it was a bitter Christmas in Poland. An underground Solidarity leaflet spoke of the brutal suppression of protest in half a dozen centers—six people were reported killed in Gdansk—news of Solidarity's miners ended their long underground protest against the imposition of martial law. As drastic steps were reported in government institutions, taken realization of the plight of thousands of Solidarity activists and dissidents held under curfew in freezing detention camps.

Both streets, smogged out of a country still blacked out by censorship and communications shutdowns—it was revealed in Paris that high frequency radio links in Western embassies in Warsaw were being jammed—brought angry reactions from abroad. Two Polish envoys, in Tokyo and Washington, left in protest. President Ronald Reagan announced a series of trade and other restrictions aimed at helping Poland's military toward moderation. Western bankers refused to forge a \$500 million payment on the country's \$81 billion debt.

But there were more graces. At week's end the Polish people's hope of respite seemed to live in continuing secret talks between the military and the Roman Catholic Church. This report was filed to Moscow from Sunday by our Vienna correspondent.

By Sue Masterson

"The state of war will not last for one minute longer than is necessary," said Poland's military leader, General Wojciech Jaruzelski, in his Christmas TV address to the nation. It was the first time he had been seen since his announcement of the military take-over on Dec. 13. The voice was the same. But the little general, who lost his hair in Soviet hands during the Second World War before he joined the Solidarity camp, was aged 51 now, in no many days.

It now appears that Jaruzelski was misled by the Warsaw Pact forces' Soviet chief, Marshal Viktor Kulikov, into



Mothers pray for their children to survive, worried about a Christmas mass strike may be pulled from the street

putting the country on an emergency footing. He now finds himself the leading man in a puppet council of Polish generals, with someone back and pulling the strings.

For days it has been known that the treatment was worse than the "overdose" of Solidarity. It was meant to cure—and that the state of repression was not Jaruzelski's. Day in, day out, the international press corps in Warsaw is told that the situation is "normal." In the centre of the capital it may be so, in some corridors of an absence of communications, here-and-there from government spokesmen, military and police chiefs every 500 metres, 10 per cent of the normal bus traffic carrying one per cent of its normal complement of passengers, frozen patrolling gathering round red fire at street-crossings.

In an attempt to record every aspect of this "normality," foreign correspondents in Warsaw have closed ranks. We did not want to believe the heretic sta-

ries of atrocities, of dissidents—everyone from Solidarity regulars to Roman Catholic priests and laymen—who suffered first frostbite, then gasping, in the last camps in nighttime temperatures as low as -50 C, of the screaming toddlers left behind in a locked home after both parents were arrested, of the babies dumped in the freezing cold on church steps, of women and babies of Polish origin, left with foreign passports, being dragged on the platform as their trunks departed for freedom in Berlin or Vienna. Most of all, we did not want to believe the story of the revenge exacted by Russian miners on 20 or more paramilitary officers when they were holding prisoner. After a mass who blocked the way in his mass was bayoneted, his colleagues snatched the hands and feet of their prisoners with daggers-blades, amputated their arms with axes, and gouged out their eyes. But as the scenes for each incident multiplied and became more credible, we had to believe.

In midweek came the first whisper, from Radom, the city 40 km from Warsaw which had been sealed off from the outside world for 10 days, and where the next meeting was thought to have occurred. The word was that there was also a last camp there with 2,000 detainees. It was no accident that the subject of Pope John Paul's address in 1980 in Poland was in Rome at the same time. Undoubtedly the papal delegation which visited Poland last week had brought his confirmation of the ill treatment of the 30,000 people thought to have been detained since Dec. 13.

There were reports that the papal mission had advised some improvements in camp conditions. If so, it came too late for many. In Berdziej, 60 km from Warsaw and two visiting professors said that they had learned from a highly reliable source that feeding disorders, hypothermia and pneumonia had been rampant by the 20 security police—the Polish KGB—and that their lives were in danger.

It seems only too credible. I talked to



Armored cars of housing development in Warsaw: a number of conflicting views

two women who had been interned. One, who was released after 48 hours, told how she and hundreds of others were made to stand motionless in an unheated school hall for 12 hours. During her detention she was given nothing to eat or drink. Those who rebelled were taken away. She did not see them again. The second woman said that her young child was left behind alone when she and her husband were arrested. She

hammered for seven hours on her cell door with a metal plate until she was allowed to see the prison director, who ordered her release. His act of clemency was typical of a country where the official story is likely to be told, illustrated brutally. Jaruzelski may well have been spending the truth when he asked the emergency would last no longer than necessary. The question is necessary for what? □

## Expatriate aid

They gather to worry together in tight clusters outside the buildings, the governments and the night clubs—the prosperous little shops on Bloorville Avenue, the west end Toronto thoroughfare that serves as Main Street for Little Poland. It is a village in a city, born to nearly 300,000 Polish-Canadian scattered throughout Ontario—first, second, third, and even fourth-generation Canadians.

They seek up news from the troubled homeland in local newspapers such as *Nowe (The New)* and *Zwrotnice (Ally)*. They argue politics over shots of unpronounceable brands of vodka at the St. Nicholas restaurant and deliver their children to Polish language class held after hours in the parish hall of St. Constantine. The mother shushes dominating family life in the tree-lined streets facing east from Riverside.

Last week there was a new agency within the Polish-Canadian community and in other major Polish-Canadian centres. Solidarity, the massive workers' rights movement ignited by Poland's mil-

itary rulers, opened a Canadian information office in Toronto. "Our community has for a long time enjoyed a well-developed life of culture and political awareness," explains Les Wawron, chairman of the Polish Alliance Press in Toronto. "The developments in Poland have made this vital."

Throughout Canada, the Polish community has moved quickly. Rallies in support of Solidarity have been organized in most major cities. The mass's Canadian branch, organized by Polish exiles Reginald Prokocimski, has obtained official endorsement by the Canadian Labour Congress.

The Polish Canadian Congress is channeling a flood of money to provide food, clothing and shelter and in Montreal and in Vancouver, networks are being set up to shelter dissidents from Polish shops. "We are constantly of nearly 300,000 across Canada, and everyone is politically aware," says Henry Radwick, professor of sociology at Sydney's Laurentian University. But Polish here are feeling danger. For the WASHINGTON and they must do what they can. "They may not have far more affect on events in Poland than they realize."

—ANTHONY WINTERGARD

## ISRAEL

# Begin's outburst widens the rift

American-Israeli relations have seldom been conducted on the diplomatic equivalent of any street. From Washington's perspective, Israel often seems impatient, acting unilaterally and without consultation for U.S. interests. From Jerusalem, administrations have frequently seemed feeble, if not duplicitous. But the current U.S.-Israel impasse—occasioned by the Begin government's far-left association of the Golan Heights—represents a far more serious breach of faith, with potentially tragic consequences in the Middle East.

The application of Israeli law to the 646-acre-old area taken from Syria in the 1967 war triggered a semi-legal wave of anger. Clearly angered by Begin's move, the Reagan administration promptly suspended its recently agreed memorandum of understanding on strategic cooperation. As Secretary of Defense Casper Weinberger put it, "This kind of action violates either the letter or the spirit or both" of United Nations resolutions 242 and 338—the basis for peace negotiations in the region.

The American decision surprised the Israelis. Still recuperating from a few years' bad luck, Prime Minister Menachem Begin denounced U.S. Ambassador Sam Lewis' statement the suspension of the security agreement and, in an unusual step, made his remarks public: "What kind of talk is this punishing Israel? Are we a vassal state of yours? Are we a vassal puppet?"

Begin was particularly angered by messages from Secretary of State Alexander Haig, which linked resumption of the agreement to future Israeli behavior. Washington's terms for Israeli-made military hardware and joint anti-air and naval maneuvers would require a "full, complete and final" restraint in north Lebanon and progress in the Camp David autonomy talks with Egypt. There was even a demand that Begin's government permit \$50,000,000 that Jerusalem Arabs to vote on the structure of West Bank autonomy.

For the Reagan administration, that was an obvious exercise in linkage, an attempt, as Haig himself put it, "to create an atmosphere in which Israeli shoguns are available to the leadership in Israel." For Begin, however, it was diplomatic blackmail. "You are trying to make Israel hostage to the memorandum of understanding," he charged.

Polish-Canadian protest



"The sword of Damocles will hang over our head. We take note of the fact that you have cancelled the memorandum. In our opinion, it is a escalation."

It was as stiff a rebuke as any Israeli statesman has delivered publicly, and it set senior Reagan officials quickly in search of the brakes. "Nothing has changed," Hagai said coolly last week. "Differences occur even among good friends." Even Weinberger, the administration's point man with Israel, felt obliged to say that the alliance was sound, albeit engaged in a "temporary, very rough period."

Diplomacy now dictates a reveal of high-profile fence-mending. Beneath the surface, however, there is lingering distrust. Although the Golan annexation was the precipitating spark, Israel's conflict with the Reagan administration has been smoldering for months. Washington's complaint was that Begin's bold strike at the Iraqi nuclear reactor—and at its targets in Beirut—undermined U.S. efforts to bring moderate Arab states

into the peace process. The Israeli, too, had a list of grievances. The sale of advanced radar planes and F-15 enhancements to Saudi Arabia posed a potential security threat and represented a symbolic shift in American foreign policy, a realignment stressing the post-Suez role of

### ***Stunned by Begin's stiff rebuke, Reagan administration officials hurriedly tried to apply brakes to the quarrel***

Begin's importance to the West.

The administration's decision not to appoint a high-level emissary to the continuing autonomy talks—and its positive noises on Saudi Arabia's eight-point peace package—were also read in Jerusalem as reasons of convenience in Camp David. Finally, whatever Begin's instinctive loyalties to Is-

rael, the real power brokers—Weinberger, White House Counselor Edwin Meese, Vice-President George Bush, Chief of Staff James Baker—held quite contrary views on how to push Begin toward peace. Even in the midst of the Polish crisis, the National Security Council—minus Reagan—spent almost two days plotting its response to the Golan seizure. The memorandum of understanding was part of that leverage.

The Israelis are now suggesting that Begin's strident language was entirely premeditated, designed to test Washington's Middle East priorities. That may indeed have been the case. More dispassionate observers, however, believe Begin's actions are preparatory moves in the chessboard.

After Begin ends his remaining Israeli territories on April 25—and, having some unforeseen development, it is not expected to repudiate that treaty—it will face mounting pressure to make concessions on West Bank autonomy. The square may well coincide with other pressures. The end of the Israeli

Iraq war and the return of the oil embargo as a weapon of Arab diplomacy; the integration of new Soviet units into the Syrian army; and the resurrection of the Saudi peace plan as the alternative to Camp David. Begin has pledged not to strike first in southern Lebanon, but analysts believe these constraints may have led to a premeditated action. This would be more than cosmetic surgery. The Israelis would launch a major attack on Palestinian and Syrian positions.

The next step will be diplomatic, not military, however. Israel will refuse to abrogate its annexation of the Golan, and the U.N. Security Council will fail to impose sanctions. Inevitably, there will be efforts to inject new life into the Camp David process, but the prospects are not encouraging.

In the past, Israel has always depended on America's tacit understanding of its actions and on the ultimate guarantee of the U.S. nuclear umbrella. What is significant in the current tension is Begin's declared willingness to set without Reagan's go-ahead or benediction. The significance of that precedent is certain to keep the region even more tense than usual in the future.

—MICHAEL POWERS

*With Arab Affairs in Jerusalem.*

#### **ZIMBABWE**

### **Aftershock of a merciless blast**

Good race relations are a tender growth. And while blacks have indeed prospered beside whites in the 20 months since the end of Zimbabwe's seven-year bush war, there are signs that the carefully tended plant seemed to wither last week, some observers felt that Prime Minister Robert Mugabe's conciliatory policy of reconciliation has been buried beneath the rubble of his bombed ZVU (Zimbabwe Veterans' Union) party office in Salisbury.

Local media commentators were quick to accuse South Africa of complicity in the bombing, in which six people died and 71 were injured. Indeed, Pretoria has been blamed for several incidents that have shaken Zimbabwe politically and economically: an assassination dump blow-up, an alleged plot to escape, a bridge destroyed along the vital route to the sea through Mozambique.

But suspicion has also taken on the white community. Matters have been made worse by the dis-honored racial attitudes of many whites who refuse to accept the reality of black majority rule. Last month, more than 2,000 left for white purchases in South Africa and elsewhere, fearing the specious likelihood they might be degraded to pariahs through 24 years of Ian Smith's illegal UDI regime. The 250,000 whites at independence have dwindled to fewer than 150,000, a disturbing drain of vital skills.



**Mugabe under the rubble**

The white community is now under severe pressure. Six whites were arrested in November for allegedly plotting against the state. Two weeks ago, a white VP was detained for alleged sedition. Ian Smith, now a back-beach wit, has been threatened with arrest. Black Zimbabweans are being encouraged to seek out enemies of the state. However, in the search for those re-

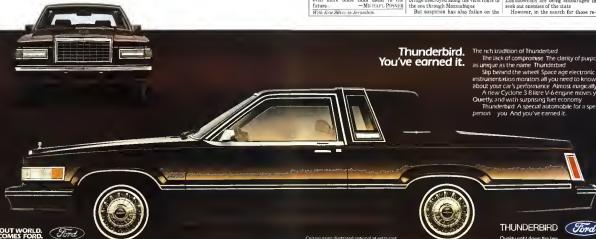
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appliance for the bombing of Naguib's political nerve center they may not have to look as far as South Africa, or even the dwindling ranks of Zimbabwe's white population. Naguib's legacy of racialism worries many emerging black entrepreneurs. Smaller parties feel threatened by his wish to make Zimbabwe a unitary state. Unless the truth behind the bombing is revealed soon, trust between Zimbabwe's racial, as well as racial, groups may never be mended among its constituents.

—NITRO AND MORTAL

## MOGOCO

### A loosening African linchpin

Morocco waited in vain for Alexander Haig last week. Events in Poland had forced the U.S. secretary of state to call off talks with King Hassan II that would have underlined the Reagan administration's commitment to one of its firmest allies in North Africa. But if Haig's cancellation was disappointing—the talks were intended to focus on upcoming arms deals—it was the absence of news that was compounding morale at Hassan's royal palace in Rabat. Indeed, the situation was looking increasingly desperate. Months of drought had stifled Moroccan economy and the effects on national morale were disturbing. To date Morocco always believed better times were ahead because of the country's colonial philosopher-king, and one observed: "Now that hope is fading."

Morocco's problems are conventional. Vast amounts of food and oil now must be imported. Merely to service international debts costs one-third of the nation's export earnings. The country, says one knowledgeable source, "is broke."



Captured guerrillas among a settlement remains eerily

war against Polisario guerrillas fighting for independence in the Western Sahara has been a national rallying point. But even that is going badly. In October, the Polisario shot Moroccan forces by destroying several planes with Soviet SAM missiles.

To the United States, which views Hassan as a strategic linchpin in north-west Africa, that action constituted a dangerous escalation in the growing war of the guerrillas, whose main backers are Algeria and the much-detested Col. Moussaoui Khaddafi of Libya. Washington has now pledged to "strengthen the mil-



Polisario guerrillas in Washington's eyes, their increasing disempower poses a threat

itary alliance." And a succession of high-ranking officials—from Defense Secretary Charles Weinberger to Senate Foreign Relations Committee Chairman Charles Percy—have recently traveled to Casablanca to discuss a \$200-million arms deal, due to be signed next year.

Hopes for a peaceful solution in the Western Sahara—and to Hassan's economic problems—can't be placed by the Organization for African Unity (OAU) to oversee a referendum on the territory's future. But while Washington argues that its military aid will make a negotiated settlement more likely, the guerrillas are less certain. At the same time, they know that the fighting is proving an increasingly unacceptable burden for Hassan. The

war is plunging down an estimated \$6,000 Moroccan troops and costs the country an estimated \$10 million a day.

Observers in Rabat, however, reject suggestions that U.S. support for Hassan is misguided. "This is not true," stressed a senior Western diplomat. "The king is not only head of state. He is the descendant of the Prophet Mohammed and

therefore this country's apostle." Still, Hassan takes no chances. As he seizes from palace to police and tight security—surveillance attempts rarely succeed in 1971 and 1972—he begins a bid on political descent.

Although there is an elected parliament, real power resides in Hassan's hands and he maintains an iron grip on the country's performance. "Unemployment," reports critics from repression. Left-wing leaders and hundreds of other critics of the regime are in jail following free press riots last June in Casablanca. Officially, 68 died when the

army crushed demonstrations, but real figures run into the hundreds. Tens of thousands in Casablanca and other cities are expected to rise further as the drought forces more hungry peasants to take to the streets.

And despite Hassan's tight control over union expression, political dissidents and the press, the growing ranks of amulet youths are a powder keg waiting to be lighted. More than half the population is under 15, and discontent is especially acute among educated youngsters. Dozens of students were arrested in Rabat in December when they struck in protest at police surveillance. "We call them the *amavis*," complained student Abou Hassan. "They stand around the faculty reporting everything we do or say."

To defuse the growing social discontent, Hassan must revive the nation's economy. In the short term, that task depends very much on a break in the drought. And last week there seemed to be some cause for hope. A gentle rain was falling, as if in answer to the prayers offered by the Amer on the urging of Hassan, their Aunt Ali Moumin (Commander of the Faithful). Temporarily, at least, the long appears to have Allah—as well as Ronald Reagan—on his side. And Haig may yet find time for a visit.

Don't Dared in Rabat

## COLUMN

### Faustian thoughts on Gretzky

By Trent Payne

Watching the great Gretzky, or reading about his latest little miracle, some people think of the richest hockey player on the planet. There is this fat old real estate salesman in Washington, listening to the radio as his beloved ball club, the Senators, is dismantled by the Yankees. In drama he mutters that he'd sell the seat to see the Senators wear the pinstripes from the damn Yankees. Suddenly the Devil appears, a jolly fellow in a silk cape, offering him a deal: for his seat he'll transform him into a viable young star who'll beat the Yankees.

"We'll call you Hardy, Joe Hardy," the Devil beams. "You'll be 22 years old. They'll put a new wing on that baseball stadium at Cooperstown dedicated to you, the Hardy throne." And when Joe agrees he becomes, overnight, the greatest bullplayer since the days of Ty Cobb and Babe Ruth, minus all his supernatural skills, remembering rules, tagging the ghosts.

So much for fables. Now the reality—Wayne Gretzky. In this a plausible excuse for what this scenario did is doing to the National Hockey League record book? What's to say that back there in Bloufard, that, a few years ago a jolly dude in a cape didn't wave a wand at some puffing old turkey chasing a bat, and whisper: "You've heard of Howe Horens? You know about Howe and Hall? Babe's Amers?" Now, what it became is hard for you to say.

The point here is not that Gretzky is actually good or really astonishingly good, but that he is spooky good. This guy is doing things at age 20 he's (tens it on the fifth of nine months) that some of the game's most immortal athletes never accomplished. You know what I mean? Such as Robert Gordon Orr, who in the 1970-'73 seasons accumulated the unheard-of total of 102 assists. Look, year 18. Gretzky's point is 199. So far, as a Paddy Anthony Espinoza, who did the responsible a decade ago he topped 150 points (he did 152). To give you an idea, Stan Mikita had the scoring title with 67 a mere three seasons earlier. And Gretzky? He, he reached 108, hardly sweating.

That's another thing about this kid, he barely seems other. All-time all-timers offer and again and he on hospital beds, and this guy never gets a haugmatt, immortal offer, right? Van Gogh said an old Louis XIV was hanged. Ben Bond went to an insane

asylum. Merens was a broken man at 34 and died on a hospital floor. Rocket Richard had broken arms and legs and ankles. Bobby Orr had an operation on his left knee. Gretzky? Nothing, literally nothing. Misogynists were from his path for 6-8 he might become nicely administrator a big.

Good as Gretzky was last season, he is better this season, at least he is playing in points at a brisker clip. Right-hearted bookmakers are so terrified of this guy that they are laying odds of 3 to



1 that he doesn't score 100 goals this season. Anybody else, anybody, and the odds are 50 to 1 against. Does this make him 10 times a greater threat than any other player in hockey today? It must. Bookmakers do not get their garages filled with Mercedes-Benzes because of their charitable donations.

For all of this, it's a pityful funny thing about Wayne Gretzky that when you go to the rink and the Edmonton Oilers are playing, you've got to search for him. He is not spectacular. If his shot is hard, it doesn't look hard. Often it's a poke right where the goalie used to be standing or a little lift over where he is sprawling. Skating, Gretzky can't carry Bobby Hall's blades. He moves with quick little glides strikes the way Northern Dancer used to run.

He is a marvel, his stickhander, as deft and quick that you're apt to miss it. The only time you're really conscious of Wayne Gretzky is after an Edmonton goal when the guy on the TV is reading off goals and the stats. If he made three assists and none of 'em in Gretzky's, there are grounds for halting up the face-off while an overnight is investigated on the videotape.

For a few it was suspected Gretzky's astronomical stats were the product of bias from the Oilers get in their own new unbalanced schedule. Under the '81-'82 format they face the toughest teams only three times each—the Islanders, the Canadiens, the physical Philadelphia, Boston, Buffalo. They get to play the relative potates in their own division eight times each—Colorado, Los Angeles, Calgary and Vancouver. Even so, Gretzky is a terror against the giants, too. The Oilers played Montreal to a 3-3 tie in the Forum on Dec. 1. Then came the Canadiens and three assists. Not only that, but as an aide Habicht named Claude Montan and Gretzky's No. 9 sweater etched all Canadiens' shirts combined in Forum summer state. A couple of weeks later the Oilers played the Stanley Cup champion Islanders 4-3. Gretzky had two assists and two goals, including the winner, and a week later he managed point Mignault for three goals and four assists in a 9-4 win. After 17 games this paragon had scored 41 points and was 41 points ahead of his nearest rival for the scoring title.

All right, so if this guy is practically invincible to the naked eye, how come the magic? In Peter Gougeon's weirdly fashioned book, *The Game of Our Lives*, there is the fascinating theory that his secret rival for the scoring title, Steve Yzerman, lost in the midst of fervent action slows everything down for his perception, making him to react, or even anticipate, with a better view. Gougeon wrote in a paper by Dr. Adrian Glynn, head neurologist, McMaster University, who compares the difference between the neurological systems of superior athletes and those of ordinary folks to the difference between a highly tuned sports car and the family sedan.

Gougeon theorizes that what separates Gretzky from his peers "may well have nothing to do with physical characteristics but be a matter of perception, not so much of what he sees but of how he sees it and how he knows it." One theory is that Gretzky's brain is a little different.



# Waiting for a northbound train

By Roderick McQueen

The gloom around the table was so thick you could cut it with a spoon. When the Macdonald Panel of Economists met at the year ended, the seven members (see box) discovered there was a unique similarity. Canada is mired in a recession and will stay stuck there until spring. Says Scott-Barber's Pierre Fortin: "The consensus is getting broader and deeper than most people thought it would—and it's going on longer." Looking ahead to June, the panel predicted that year-over-year growth would be minus one per cent, with inflation easing only slightly to 11 per cent, unemployment rising higher to 8.6 per cent, the Canadian dollar steady at 84 cents U.S. and prime interest rates down a notch to a still brutal 15.9 per cent.

That gloomy expectation is a stunning reversal from the first six months, the solid days of 1981, when the economy was growing at a healthy five per cent. By midyear, the malaise was beginning to set. Weakness was showing in the U.S. economy and Canadian activity began to slow during the summer. It was not noticeable enough, however, for federal finance department officials who were summarizing thoughts and sifting statistics for a fall budget. Originally scheduled for October, the budget was delayed several times and was finally pronounced Nov. 12. By then it was so set dated that recession was not even questioned, let alone addressed.

The slide was on. In the weeks before the budget and since, retail trade de-

clined, corporate profits plummeted (third quarter figures were the worst in a decade), 140,000 manufacturing jobs disappeared, inventories swelled and net exports and investment slowed. At the same time, interest rates rocketed to an August high of 22.5 per cent as if tied to the U.S. space shuttle Columbia, then lumbered back down the points toward ground. It was that peak, coupled with the Bank of Canada's tight money policy, that triggered the current recession.

The next session, however, ran deeper. As Louis's Pierre Fortin put it, "North America is now embroiled in a struggle against the four horsemen of the economic apocalypse—a high rate of inflation, a high rate of unemployment, a slow rate of productivity growth and high-priced energy." Those four, growing out of the energy crisis of

## Panel members

The Macdonald Panel of Economists includes: Professor **Clarence I. Barber**, department of economics, the University of Toronto; Professor **Paul Fortin**, department of economics, Laval University; **Ross L. Gauthier**, of Leawood, Ontario; **McClatchey**, Toronto; Professor **John McMillin**, department of economics, University of British Columbia; **Scott-Barber**, professor, McLeod Young Wirtz, Toronto; **H.A. Rogers**, economist, The Bank of Nova Scotia, Toronto; Professor **Alfredson Gutman**, Massey College, Toronto.

1973-74 and 1979-80, may mean that Canada's 1982 economic performance will be one of the country's poorest. The forces may be further compounded by the fact that the public's expectations have grown too large. Says Rogers, "There's no notion that it's a difficult world to achieve the kind of growth we used to achieve." He also forecasted those who argue that "we can't just wait through the pain... or we don't need the pain." Finally, recovery signs in the U.S. include the 10 per cent tax cuts and improving inflation rate (predicted to drop to as low as seven per cent). It is a recovery that is unlikely to begin until 1983's second quarter. Added Clarence Barber: "Recession has been liquidating their inventory. Traditionally, when that happens, you get a sharp turnaround."

While other panelists also warn the northbound recovery train, there is fear that persistently high interest rates will be pulled along by it. Said Ross Gauthier of Rogers' graduate school, "I'm not as sanguine." Agreed Tessa Kearns, "As soon as the economy turns up, unless [the Bank of Canada] loosens the money supply, interest rates will shoot up again." In fact, the central bank's tight reins on money supply shows as such change in place since 1975 to fight inflation and protect the Canadian dollar, Governor Gerald Bessy not only continues to defend it, he has even tightened the screws. Since August, growth has been below the four-to-eight per cent target range.

There was also some muttering among the panelists about the trade-

tical policy of leaving the exchange rate against the U.S. dollar. Over the past year, they said, the Canadian dollar has actually strengthened when compared with some others, the Japanese yen and the Swiss franc. Some panelists advocated that the Canadian dollar would be more accurately reported if measured against a trade-weighted basket of several foreign currencies.

More worrisome signs loomed at the meeting for the months ahead, however, were ever-higher wage settlements. With Canadian workers seeking to stay ahead of inflation rates that may run 90 per cent higher than U.S. rates, contract agreements in the 22-to-14 per cent range will become more common. Even layoffs—real and threatened—may not keep the lid on. The result could increase public pressure for controls. It is a policy suggested by Kearns as one likely to give Canada "a leader and twice industrial infrastructure."

While the panelists agreed that Ottawa lacks the political will to impose controls, they are flanked by panelist Barber, who plans to publish a book in the spring calling for their implementation. Fortin is also an advocate. One year of controls, he argues, could drop the inflation rate by two per cent, permit points—all for \$200 million to run the necessary bureaucracy. A steeper drop, if caused by slowdown, would mean an unemployment rate five percentage points higher—and income loss of \$30 billion. Added Fortin, "If there's one government in the country waiting for controls it's Quebec," where major public sector contracts ran out in 1982. These negotiations, he said, could lead Premier René Lévesque to call a snap election, one that Fortin predicts the Parti Québécois would easily win. Fortin is also worried about Quebec's provincial debt reaching \$9 billion by 1984. "If Quebec goes broke," he says, "Quebec will come in and run things."

Potential restrictions were also suggested by the panel in other areas. There was concern, for example, over new federal-provincial relations and say new Canadianization plans following the National Energy Program (NEP). While the panel admitted that nationalized last year on energy pricing and the constitution had removed some business and investment uncertainties, they see little yet that points to any rampant optimism. The only light spot noted is the return of oil drilling rigs to Canada and that the momentum of so-called new oil has improved.

Job-creating expenditure will, in fact, be scarce. A survey by the federal department of industry, trade and commerce predicts growth of a mere two or three per cent in 1982 real capital investment (excluding housing). By comparison, 1981 figures may reach seven

## Forecast for 1982 — 1st half

Performance of economy based on average of predictions by Macdonald Panel of Economists

\*Anticipated 1981 performance

**-1% GNP**

Real measure in gross national product over 1981

\*+4%

**11.1% Inflation**

Increase in consumer price index over 1981

\*12.2%

**8.6% Unemployment**

Percentage of labor force out of work

\*8.2%



**15.9% Interest rates**

Overhead loans prime lending rate over 1981

\*17.2%

**84¢ Canadian dollar**

Measured against \$U.S.

\*\$4.16c

**163,000 Housing starts**

Housing starts (excluding apartment) started in 1982

\*172,000



per cent, 1980 rose 8.6 per cent and 1979, 15.1. Researcher's Hillwell: "The government has decided to let the private sector speed at precisely the time the private sector has decided not to speed." Nor will the consumer likely lead the recovery. A recent Conference Board of Canada survey found consumer buying confidence at a 28-year low. When the bottom-broke down, then, it will likely begin elsewhere before spreading to Canada.

It is a fragile hope, but not an unreasonable one, for a country that has traditionally relied on the U.S. consumer—along with overseas spending in its auto and housing sectors—to lead the Canadian economy out of recession. This year, it is as even more tenuous because of a growing malcontent. Says Hillwell: "Consumers are turning inward all around the world. But, predicts Gauthier, "The American

consumer is looking at a better world. They are well over the oil price bump; they will benefit from stable world oil prices. And they know they'll have a significant tax cut."

But the troubles that must be faced before recovery comes are not just international. At home, the mood of weary businessmen and consumers alike is not aided by governments grappling with growing financial needs, including hefty debt charges. Nor is there even a single-minded purpose. Says Hillwell: "This country is not one country at all but a group of regional economies." Further, recovery is building as two federal-provincial fronts—equalization and unrestricted programs financing (MFF)—the latter, as one panelist put it, of who controls what in Canada. The provinces, Hillwell notes, are supplanting the federal government's intrusion into the areas of provincial econ-



Panel members (left to right) Hillwell, Robitsek, Barber and Rogers' consumers will not likely lead the recovery

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even, such as health and education. First, he says, under the schemes to be negotiated by March, there will be less revenue flowing to the provinces. Second, federal proposals insist on increased and as yet uncertain improvements in health care and cost standards—with no guarantee of federal funds. "The trouble is," notes Kirman, "that the federal government wants to constrain their expenditures and set the standards. Thinking to the coming battle, he said: "We've just come out of an all pricing confrontation where Alberta cut back its production. I wouldn't be surprised to see the federal government act in a similar way in this case." Rostein added that the provinces have



Portin (left) with Kirman and Rostein a revision of used and spring

failed to argue their side strongly. He characterized their position as simply "game, game, you owe me." The need, agreed the panel, is for new ways to separate the leaves from the haves-nots. One federal proposal would use Ontario's aid as the new point against which the other provinces are measured, since its resource revenue is minimal and it will receive no equalization payments. While there may be some compromise on equalization, settlement on OGP is less sure. Says Kirkwood, "It may go on longer than the oil situation."

Westerners may have a way of ending supply, however. Canadianization of the petroleum industry, proposed barely a year ago, has turned from a flat fight to a much heated struggle, noted the panel. Most Westerners are now in agreement at least with the principle. Even so, claimed Kirman, no sufficient cost-benefit analysis has been done. Said he of the West, "The regulations were all too badly timed and drastically cutbacked to other arguments." He said that the Canadian dollar was highly vulnerable at a time

when Americans regarded the Canadian dollar as "dollar boy." "The costs of purchasing economic nationalization," he said, "are spread among people who can't afford it and if it were expanded, would not want to do it." Kirman, a founding member of the recently disbanded Committee for an Independent Canada, countered by pointing out that 55.5 per cent of Canada's exports are mainly moving between its industries of foreign firms. He disagreed that Canadianization had hurt relations between Canada and the U.S., noting that "all the footmen" had only moved Canadian ownership up from 26 to 35 per cent. "Inadequate representation in Washington is what's bothering relations with the U.S.," he claimed. "We're just learning about lobbying." Kirman agreed, noting that anti-Canada belligerence in Washington was kept up a minimum by two days of better lobbying before the Ontario government moved in October to purchase 50 per cent of U.S.-based Sevens. Added Rogers, "The costs (of OGP) may be large but it's a pretty good bet that the benefits will be large, too." Berber saw an additional reason to applaud OGP. "It kept the exchange rate low," he noted, "to the Netherlands and have in all revenues destroyed the manufacturing sector, he said, "The Dutch disease comes when you have a strong resource sector and the exchange rate appreciates," making exports expensive in other markets. Concluded Kirkwood, "For Canada to be a scary place for the multinationalists may not be such a bad thing."

As for other government policy, the full budget found panacea in accord with its recommendations—although it was admitted that Prime Minister Allan Rockman may have been overtaken by events. "At least the budget made for unity across Canada," said Portin, "because there was unanimity that it was a bad budget." For 1982, even a change in the method of selling Canadians how badly their purchasing power fares is unlikely to bring relief. The cost-of-living index, based on 1974 spending habits, will be updated in April to reflect the higher proportion of spending going to housing, transportation and energy. Statistics will also change some of the goods and services in its imaginary 200-item basket. Rolls will be dropped since bread is included, added will be day care, well units and 30-cent cinema. And if few consumers have cash to spend on the necessities, let alone those they buy, the supply of the necessities will be reduced. The supply of the necessities will be reduced. The supply of the necessities will be reduced.

Money doesn't seem to be the problem, said "It's how you have your money." To which any pessimistic panel could only add, "Ain't it so."

# amatter of facts!



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# Stop butting the guy with the bread

By Barbara Arndt

**T**he first thing that comes to mind when trying to understand Canada's strange-but-fascinating attitude to the United States is the George Orwell scenario narrated in his novel *Burmese Days*. The incident involved an attempt to feed a goat who liked the bread being offered to him but not the man holding it. The goat's decision was the main fix in the stomach who simultaneously trying to eat the bread—based on the hope that the food would somehow remain suspended in midair.

The butting of America is a regular feature of Canadian life. Lately, in the media especially, it has been caricatured as a particular reaction to the New Right conservatism of the Reagan administration. But anti-Americanism does not need Ronald Reagan to maintain its tenacious hold on government and media headlines.

In foreign policy matters, from J.F.K.'s Cuban policy to L.B.J.'s Cambodia—and in cultural affairs like the Massey Commission to the Indemnity Canada—America has lurked on the speaker, and even the enemy. At the same time, of course, we have happily neglected our defence spending secure in the knowledge that the United States will keep a protective umbrella over us. We choose to elect a Pierre Elliott Trudeau whose platform has included withdrawal from NATO and NATO by and large, unlike Orwell's goat, we have managed to butt and keep the bread suspended in midair.

Interestingly, this anti-Americanism is a case of many diseases. Two people can wear it for entirely different reasons. Broadly speaking, it can be separated into three distinct patterns. The first reacts unconsciously old-fashioned, conservative patterns. We live and don't want a large nation with whom only 100 years ago we were at war. We have the natural reluctance of a small power to accept the dominion of a larger neighbor next door.

The second strand relies on an anti-modernity attitude. Whatever the tech-

nological realities of the world today, for decades America has symbolized everything modern from traffic jams to skyscrapers. Even the cinematic technique of shooting film in daytime and making it look like night is called by the French *à la nuit américaine*. All those people who dislike vulgar modernity have sort of reflex anti-Americanism. They may be left or right wingers focusing on the environment or nostalgics for the old way of life. Still, in fact, actually like the democracy and equality that modernity implies with all these tourists and their cameras cluttering up

been suspended. In *Press*, the only remaining independent newspaper, is sporadically closed or kept without newsprint. The month ago, reports the national office of the Social Democrats (U.S.A.), delegates from five different political parties in Nicaragua attempted to leave the country to discuss these developments with government officials. They had their passports confiscated at the airport as they were turned back. Some argue doctors follow up criticism of the government on grounds of national security. Arbitrary arrest and imprisonment are routine, and Cuban and Russian "advisors" security across the land. Still, in the most recent *Globe and Mail* article on Nicaragua written by the paper's Central American specialist, the anti-Sandinista forces are described and the political developments in the country summed up as "the subject of increasing controversy, but that is another matter."

Perhaps there is an additional explanation for our anti-Americanism. This land of success is an artificial entity. We share nothing but a political skin. Apart from the French, we have no ethnic or geographic discontinuity to separate us from the United States. Only an arbitrary line on the map, which is not even defined by a range of mountains or continuous river. We share the same culture and language. It takes a professor of linguistics to discover the two dozen ways we may pronounce differently. In fact there is no good reason for Canadian nationalism or our separate identity from the United States—and yet, like most Canadians, I share the longing to remain Canadian.

I can't come up with a good intellectual reason for it, so perhaps it does require a certain kind of fairly witless nationalism. One can only hope that we will reflect this nationalism into more constructive channels. That we will refrain from placing warning blocks in every area, from fishing rights to investments in the path of the country that is responsible for our defence and for permitting this political idea of Canada to remain independent and unique.

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boundies and straits.

The third strand is exclusive to left wingers who see America as the one remaining barrier to the spread of Marxism. Whether for good or bad motives, the flirtation with Marxism among our intellectuals, media and academic continues pretty much unabated.

The hold that Marxism has on the leading edge of our society is seen most clearly when you examine any aspect of Washington's Central or South American policy. Were it not for some sort of ideological Monroe Doctrine, by now most of that area would be fascist or communist. Still, Canada refuses to support American policy actively in the area. To take only one example, we may be the last democratic country on earth to regularly maintain the integrity of the Sandinista revolution in Nicaragua. By now events there can no longer be classified as unambiguous. Leading social democrats such as Allan Rock have resigned from the junta. Elections have



# Finding foul play in the laboratory

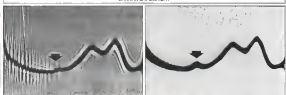
By Brian D. Johnson

**I**n the antiseptic laboratories of pure research, where it's so often assumed that science handles the truth with rubber-gloved integrity, a strange virus has set in. Known as scientific fraud, it has triggered an escalating series of scandals that have shaken brilliant careers and weakened public faith in the previously inviolable discipline, most often in the non-profit

Children. Two cases involved technicians, both discreetly fired after being caught falsifying data. Another involved a brilliant post-doctoral student on a \$20,000-a-year Government fellowship who was asked to leave his lab but had his fellowship renewed. And a fourth with reputations still in the courts, explains a U of T biomedical research lab at the hospital—after being formally cleared of fraud, he was unofficially recommended and eventually promoted to the rank of full professor. Most Canadian scientists consider fraud rare, but a few are sounding the alarm. Dr. Byron Laver, a U of T laboratory professor who had a grueling encounter with anecdotal of fraud early in his career, says cases are headed up "a very Canadian failure."

Scientists have trouble agreeing on an exact definition of scientific fraud—it's a legally tainted word—but actions that cause ethical concerns in the sciences.

## SARKIS EXPERIMENT



Original photo (left) shows sugar apple where third albino species would be; retouched photo exaggerates curve

and glamorous field of cancer research.

Peterson's career is as old as alchemy—in fact, the father of genetics, Gregor Mendel, who conducted the famous green pea experiments, was suspected of altering data. But it has come a long way, even since 1951, when William Sumnerlin at New York's Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center confessed he had painted "skin grafts" on white mice with a black felt pen. Some more recent lab frauds have been as ingenious as the disclosures they claim to substantiate. They sometimes use feature all the elements of a theoretical political intrigue: espionage, betrayal, jealousy and cover-up.

While Canada has yet to produce a truly spectacular case, and while most scientific research is valid, Alcock's has learned there has been at least four alleged cases of altering scientific data [see article] at the University of Toronto alone. Three of these occurred in the medical genetics department, which conducts much of its research at the Hospital for Sick



There's Kruick, a tamper on our questionable data

the common story runs in a variety of shades from misreading and misreporting data to fudging, cooking, forging or plagiarizing data. Whatever the method, using false findings to "help the truth" breaks a long-standing taboo in the scientific community. Although outright fraud may be rare, sloppy science is known to be quite common, especially in the industrial lab struggling to prove medications prescribed by corporate needs. While one may not expect applied science to remain unblemished by marketplace pressures, basic research—that publicly funded enterprise into the realm of pure discovery—belongs to the inner sanctum of science. As one writer put it, finding fraud there is like catching the Pope cheating at poker.

Budget cutbacks in the U.S. and Canada have greatly increased the pressures of scientists scrambling for public funds. They recommend one another for grants via a peer review system, and because the best mark of success in the lab is a paper published in a prefer-



signed journals, data can get trampled in the rush to publish or perish. The review system can also bog down in the flood of complex and highly specialized papers. Byron Lane says scientists often bend the truth as they try to live up to such words as "significant" and "striking" for grant applications. Although journal material is generally screened by referees in each field before publication, it's difficult for them to tell whether original lab results have been faked. In one 1988 case a \$700,000 research project at Massachusetts General Hospital collapsed when a scientist discovered his senior colleague, Dr. John Long, had invented data in a paper published on Hodgkin's disease. Long, who was forced to resign from the hospital, continued to be laced under pressure from a grant application. And only last August, Dr. Philip Fitts, newly appointed chief physician at the Columbia Presbyterian Medical Center in New York, resigned after a junior associate admitted falsifying data in a paper they coauthored at Yale in Canada.

Robert Spandorf (right) puts out all of the country's top journals, and Claude Bishop, MD, director of biological science, admits, "We have caught one or two things, not as much scientific fraud as plagiarism." Fraud is "not a big problem here," says Bishop, "probably because science in Canada might be a little less competitive than in the United States."

However, Canadian scientists usually send their most ambitious work to prestigious journals outside the country. This is because what happened in a highly controversial case that has plagued the Hospital for Sick Children for five years. Dr. Robert Spandorf, a U of T biochemistry professor who runs a lab at the Hospital for Sick Children, published photographic data that a research artist altered with an airbrush. The photos, uncovered by his research assistant, stemmed from two experiments that were part of a project to study how copper accumulates in the body, a condition of a rare disease called Wilson's Disease.

One experiment, cited in a paper Spandorf coauthored with a prominent Swiss scientist, combined copper with human albumin (a common protein in blood) to show how the metal binds to human molecules into clumps of several distinct "species." Photographs taken of the clumps, which were spun at a centrifuge showed a distinct curve with two peaks, each representing a species. An airbrush was used to exaggerate a vague ripple (see photo) that Spandorf claimed indicated a third species of copper albumin. In the other ex-



Even on his left, his intent is suspect.



Claude Bishop (left) and Robert Spandorf (right) faced to resign (below).



periment, coauthored with two French scientists, Spandorf combined copper with amino acids and peptides and claimed to have produced a variety of compounds. The addition was run across a chromatograph, a silica blotter that separates different molecules according to their physical properties. Each original chromatograph showed an identical smudge, which was later retouched to display a spectrum of sep-

arate molecular bands. Spandorf admitted in the paper he had trouble with the technique.

Charges that Spandorf had faked the data in both experiments came from his research assistant, Theo Krack, who had worked with him at the hospital since 1968. Their amiable rapport exploded in 1978 when Spandorf asked him to supply false data, and Krack retaliated by discovering the photos. Krack's brother, Helmut, was a research artist who, he says, had altered them according to Spandorf's specifications. According to Krack, Helmut was hired to clean up photo backgrounds for publication. But Helmut said Spandorf also had him darkening blips. "Then he had me retouching circles," he says. "I just did what I was told. I didn't know what were all those blips and blips and curves." Spandorf denies that he gave such instructions.

Once he thought they may be, the alterations created considerable turmoil in the hospital's circle. Dr. Aoor Rothstein, director of the hospital's research institute, took the allegations against Spandorf "very seriously," asked the U of T to postpone Spandorf's promotion to full professor, and persuaded to set up an outside tribunal to investigate. Meanwhile, Krack was transferred to the hospital's service division, which he considered a demotion and refused to accept. By September, 1977, he was out of a job and preparing to sue for wrongful dismissal. The hospital called it resignation, a finding that was upheld by the Supreme Court of Ontario. The decision is now under appeal. In October, the tribunal was met up two references, contacted biochemists from Harvard and the University of Alberta, ruled that Spandorf wasn't guilty of fraud but that he may have reached his conclusions too quickly. Krack, still unsettled, sought a police investigation, but the Crown attorney refused to lay charges, arguing that the courts are not a suitable forum for "a shon, arcane paper dealing with an obscure disease."

Spandorf's promotion in 1978 from associate to full professor came at a time when, according to Dr. Rothstein, the biochemist had already suffered enough. His promotion was delayed two years, and his wife suffered a nervous breakdown. Rothstein is fed up with the fiasco arising from the incident. "There's fudging and fudging," he says, and adds, "Spandorf was trying a little too hard to make his case."

The cloak-and-dagger politics surrounding such cases can become Byzantine considering the size of the molecules originally under investigation. Byron Lane says he was an easy-going

guy until he ran into a major scandal at New York's Rockefeller Institute in 1980. Lane, one of 30 Ph.D.s working in the lab of Nobel laureate Fritz Lipman, was asked to reproduce an experiment by a highly trained "hot young prospect" in the lab. The experiment consistently failed until the hot prospect diverted Lane to a new supplier for one of his ingredients. The ingredient had been spiked with a substance to make the experiment appear successful. Later it was discovered that the lab's entire supply of a chemical under study had been switched with calcium chloride. Lane was horrified to find calcium chloride powder in his own lab-coat pocket. "It began to look like I was being framed." While eventually vindicated, Lane never quite recovered. "The notion of science based on trust is the biggest crack," he says. "No scientist should recent being mistrusted."

A classic case involving joint research with a trusted protégé occurred in a medical genetics lab at U of T, where Elizabeth Spandorf, regarded as an exceptionally gifted young scientist, began work in June, 1976. He spent two years in the lab under the supervision of Dr. Lou Stamenovich, chief geneticist at the Hospital for Sick Children, and pioneered gene-transfer experiments that the international scientific community saw as exciting breakthroughs. Together Spandorf and Stamenovich published five papers in leading scientific journals. But early in 1979, suspicion darkened the son of Stamenovich's devotion to his prize student. Stamenovich couldn't understand how Spandorf was turning out results so fast and considering how little time he spent actually performing experiments. And the results always seemed infallible. Eventually Stamenovich discovered there were not enough dishes in the lab's incubator to handle all the experiments reported. Also, sometimes when the journal editor's doubts about how the work could have been completed.

In April, 1978, Stamenovich finally asked Spandorf to conduct an experiment in the presence of another postdoctoral fellow, Bill Lewis, who had spent four months trying to duplicate Spandorf's gene-transfer technique without success. "While I couldn't get it to work," says Lewis, "I thought I was doing something wrong, or that Spandorf had left important steps out of the published procedures." The experiment involved transferring genes from a drug-resistant cell to a sensitive cell to see if the sensitive cell would become similarly resistant under the foreign genetic influence. Bill Lewis says that when he watched Spandorf perform the technique, he transferred entire cells (not just genes), thus rendering the results meaningless.

Stamenovich called his lab personnel together and announced that Spandorf had been asked to leave. Spandorf left, claiming he had been abandoned, and asked (Dr. Lewis's Medical Research Council (MRC), which funded the lab) for which awards \$100 million in research grants and scholarships annually), to set up an impartial inquiry. The situation turned down the request, and Spandorf followed him, for the time being, coauthoring the next two papers. He sent an open letter to members of the scientific community arguing his career had been destroyed "in a cruel and ruthless manner" by

Stamenovich, who "was probably misled by some jealous and incompetent people." He also claims that "other scientists in the world have been successful in replicating many of my results."

Cases such as the Spandorf episode illustrate the scientific community's enormous difficulties in policing itself. Researchers now wonder whether he was right to not issuing a public statement. And while cases lead to more scrutiny for high-profile labs, they have given no student only a few months earlier, he has not restricted most of the papers they had coauthored. Spandorf,

It's not the cinnamon that gives it spice.

It's Captain Morgan Black. Taste that makes it.

wasleaving, now working at the prestigious Boston Institute for Cancer Research in Glasgow. The title also restored his Congressional fellowship, a move that Sklarovitch, who is on the "exonerated" list, attributes to "spurious research." Dr. Francis Redwine, director of special programs at the NIH, says, "The council felt the individual should be given the benefit of the doubt and not have his scientific career destroyed by the rules of a central bureaucracy." Redwine further suggests the awards are better equipped than the NIH to cope with charges of fraud. "The kind of watch hounds that have gone on in the States have been very destructive," he says, "because they're called into question the whole funding process on the basis of very few cases" (the Institute of Medicine has also been criticized by the American scientific community on oversight).

Perhaps the most bizarre of the US scandals was the case of Mark Specter, a dermatologist who conducted an experiment that would have won him a Nobel Prize for his insights into the causes of cancer, when a foreign substance was found in his work last year. Studying as a graduate student under the wing of an eminent scientist at Cornell University, 61-year-old Specter, a Jewish immigrant, discovered and purified a class of cancer-cell killers (retinoids) in just six months—a task expected to take years. His elegant theory of "lucine mutants" was so accurate that, despite the controversy, many researchers believed they still stand. And the oddity of foreign material, which Specter says was not his doing, involved a substitution of chemicals that was so less ingenious than the theory.

There are striking parallels between Racker and Sklarovitch. Back is a distinguished elder of science who developed a bond of trust with a brilliant young protégé. Both Specter and Sklarovitch were suspect because they produced extraordinary results in relatively short time. Both men discovered that they may be wild and both left their mentees perplexed as to how much of the work might be tainted. Racker, unlike Sklarovitch, retracted all the papers he had written with his student and declared himself in bed for the next 10 days to see what he could achieve from Specter's work. Sklarovitch says it would take two years to reproduce Sklarovitch's work, and the results could still be questionable. "I have a lot of sympathy with Racker," says Sklarovitch.

Sometimes fabrication starts at the



Sklarovitch (above): posing problems; Sklarovitch (below right): failed results



bottom rung of the lab hierarchy—with the lab technician who is trying too hard to produce the results his boss is seeking. At this level, cases are generally dealt with expeditiously. Dr. Joel Melnick, member U of T president working at the Hospital for Sick Children, cautions he can find a lab technician for falsifying data. "It was traumatic for everybody involved," he says. While refusing to discuss details, Melnick suggested the technician's motive was perhaps "an inappropriate desire to please." Dr. Paul Sutowski, an-

other U of T medical genetics professor, also admitted a technician in his lab was fired for "quite blatant falsifying of data." Sutowski said he pitied the victim in such cases.

The most susceptible targets for fraud are large labs run by top scientists who have to contract the best details. Dr. John Coulter, head of biotechnology at the University of Alberta, says he has never encountered a case but agrees that people like Sklarovitch and himself "who have fairly extensive responsibilities, can't be on top of all our people all the time." Dr. Jack Campbell, who runs the University of British Columbia's microbiology department, says "I've never heard of any cases here. But I'm not sure it's something to be so bloody proud of. It's probably because we're not doing very high-level research."

The problem has become endemic among scientists working under industrial or commercial finance. Five years ago, fraudulent data destroyed the credibility of one of the largest private labs in the U.S., Industrial Biotech Laboratories of Menlo Park in California. Although most operations are now shut down, pesticides and fungicides by the lab are still on the market in Canada. The federal department of health and welfare, facing 80 of the lab's 80 cancer studies poorly substantiated, has developed a special hazard label for improperly tested products. Drug companies have been most infuriated for closely reviewing the data. One example is the thalidomide pill, which, after insufficient research, was recommended for pregnant women to prevent nausea and later was found to cause deformities in offspring. Dr. Gordon Adelson, president of the Canadian Center for Occupational Health and Safety (a Crown corporation), goes as far as to assert that half of commercial science is "shoddy." "The government doesn't know what science to draw on for its health and safety standards."

While warring data is applied science can affect direct injury on the public, the impact of fraud in pure research is less obvious. It's a more punishing offense, requiring someone who is clever enough to carry it off, though enough to think he can get away with it. A fraudulent discovery of any importance will eventually be ferreted out by other scientists, if only after considerable time and money have been wasted pursuing a chemical data. However, there are more far-reaching risks. Even if science is willing to tolerate even a marginal amount of fraud, the active perspective of objectivity on which the scientific method is based could break down. And science's claim to be a paradigm arbiter by political and economic influence becomes increasingly dubious. □

## TECHNOLOGY

# Refining an architectural tuning fork



The new Massey Hall, the old (below): enhancing diffusion, stimulating echo

## By Fergus Crahan

Pinked down in Toronto's revitalized core lies the exskeleton of the new Massey Hall. An Arthur Erickson design, the structure resembles an inverted, beveled crystal ball, but the inner workings, which technicians are installing this week, are the craft of acoustician Theodore J. Schultz. Hanging from the 25-meter-tall ceiling will be 161 banners at stretched across 200 fiberglass tubes, and furling permanently over the stage will be 30 translucent acrylic discs. Two paraphernalia and the textured walls and ceiling have unique purposes: to reflect and absorb the sounds emanating from the stage. When the entire space goes full, it will make its mark as Canada's first concert hall to be so precisely tuned acoustically.

Having recognized the sound problems of other modern halls built without proper acoustical devices, the Massey board of directors broke with tradition in 1974 when they hired an acoustician first and then an architect. Their efforts have resulted in the spectacular \$29-million glass-encased, double-walled structure that will house the equivalent of an architectural tuning fork. The vertically adjustable acoustical banners will reflect sound, while the seats will absorb as much sound whether occupied or empty. As an added artistic bonus for musicians and listeners alike, the discs will have the dual role of scattering sound and light. "From your seat you'll see 30 reflections of the architect," says

Mr. Schultz explains that each style of music has different requirements. "With Mozart or baroque music, you need a short reverberation time so you can hear these clearly," he says. "But if you have more like Mahler or a Paganini Mass, where you have long, rather simple, flowing melodies, it sounds better if the music persists and blends better if it does away."

Just as the new centre will be a perfect sound enhancer, the old Massey Hall, opened in 1894, is now a prime example of poor acoustics. Nicholas Kilburn, a Toronto Symphony Orchestra musician, notes that the older structure has a high ceiling and parabolic surfaces that act like an echo chamber. "When a sound is reflected, it bounces back and confuses the musician," he says. "There have been examples of players listening to the wrong sound." Also, in certain seats the sound is practically nonexistent, and conversations outside are easily heard. But now, a former conductor of the Toronto Symphony, once threatened to tear up his contract.

While music lovers and critics impatiently await the results, Schultz will be closely monitoring the problems of a modern structure. Unlike select European concert halls, which achieved diffusion of sound with coffered ceilings, freises and canopies, new halls are dominated by berths of anechoic. As well, old halls were built solely for the use of classical refrains. To survive acoustically, the new Massey Hall must cater to multiple purposes from rock 'n' roll



to jazz. So far, five settings for the acoustical devices have been developed to accommodate the different musical requirements. For example, during organ recitals, the banners remain diagonally completely, to concentrate sound away in the ceiling. Schultz is already proud of his musical "box within a box within a box" sort of idea. "You can't make the glass test [water structures] away actively without losing any of the isolation of the audience." But he adds, "I hope I never discuss whether that's a true or not." □

## The hostile sports fan

Ever since the days of gladiatorial combat in ancient Rome, sports fans have been known to react and even even riot—in response to displays of aggression by athletes. Philosophers and psychologists alike—from Aristotle to Freud—have accepted such carrying on as normal, healthy behavior, a catharsis for pent-up emotions. But now there is cause to doubt that theory. Gordon Russell, a social psychologist at the University of Lethbridge, Alta., has found that witnessing "interpersonal aggression" in combative sports such as football, hockey or wrestling triggers hostility in the spectators during and after the games, rather than acting as an emotional release.

In a study released this fall, researchers interviewed 158 hockey fans at Lethbridge Stampede games—one of which had a total of 136 minutes of penalties for fighting, shoving and the like. Sixty-five to 75 per cent of respondents admitted feeling increased hostility. Some went so far as to hurt verbal abuse at referees and engage in fist fights. Many fantasized for Russell, however, was the reaction to these elaborate many registered gleeful approval. Says Russell: "There was a time when a player put in the penalty box for something went with his head bowed in shame. Now he is cheered up."

"The behavior of crowds at even the most peaceful of sports is also changing," claims Russell. "These days, one knows only to applaud politely, are now more persons, cheering, hissing and booing. At exciting matches, traditionally stood courts, cheering sections are now more common. The only sport to have escaped the invasion of these 'crazily elements' is golf. Spectators still show respectful silence at that breathless moment when \$130,000 depends on a perfect putt."

Despite evidence to the contrary, many fans refuse to believe that violence in sports is on the rise, claims Russell, or that it has an effect on society as a whole. "A major notion in the social sciences is violence in the streets," he says, "yet young kids are watching important people being rewarded for aggressive behavior, and the lesson they are learning is that if you're violent you get the job done."

—By CRAIG BOWEN

## Public and private engagements

Canada has enjoyed more than its share of distinguished poets who have made their name in apparently apocryphic fields: diplomats such as R.A.D. Ford and Douglas V. Laney, and servants such as Duncan Campbell Scott, journalists such as Alden Nowlan. Even in this select field, F.R. Scott is a special case. For most of this century, he has been passionately involved in the public life of Canada as a law professor at McGill, a founder of the NAC and of the *Canadian Review*, a member of the Royal Commission on Bilingualism and Biculturalism and a winner of the Governor General's Award for his 1977 book, *Change on the Constitution*. Less public than his legal, political and academic work, but no less enduring, has been his devotion to poetry. Besides writing 250 or so poems of his own, he co-edited *New Poets* and *The Selected Poems of F.R. Scott* (McClelland and Stewart, \$29.95), a comprehensive survey of the man's writings.

The best description of Scott's poetry can be found in the opening editorial of *Poems* (1982), one of several Montreal magazines that have benefited from his judgment and commitment, a "fusion between the lyric and didactic elements in modern verse, a combination of vivid, arresting imagery and the capacity to mix with social content and criticism." He displays a lyric talent for describing the natural world, especially the Canadian Rockies. His first poem, *Isle Royale*, is set in the kind of landscape painted by Tom Thomson or A.Y. Jackson. However, it soon moves away from this area into speculation about memory, evolution and human development. Scott often argues in verse, moving from nature into the realm of the abstract.

The son of an Anglican parsonage, he has retained a sense of holiness despite a loss of faith in orthodox religion. His short poem *Crucifix* sums up an attitude that underlies his work in



Scott's vivid imagery and pungent social content

every field. The world is my crucifix/The bones rose to my race/The spirit of man is my God/The future of man is my heaven. For him, other people's struggles are of visceral concern.

The collection reveals that Scott discovered his poetic voice during the Depression of the 1930s, his earlier verse seems a bit lightweight, the jettisoned a talented amateur. Most of the political poetry from that time has faded and, in retrospect, its rhetorical anger looks too easy. But Scott's *Scott's Notes* remains powerful today, its sense of vision and ideas more sharpened by a vivid alert to the reasons of language as well as politics. His scathing ode to R.B. Bennett and Mackenzie King can be read with pleasure even by those who were born into enough never to be governed by their two great grandfathers. With age, Scott's command of language as a poet, finding a greater liberty of style (perhaps influenced by French-Canadian poetry) without ever losing the formal control that aims given him and edge to a perception.

If this collection nonetheless induces a slight feeling of disappointment, it may be because Scott's great gifts have produced many unimpeachable poems but few truly memorable ones. Perhaps his rigorous intellect fails a little short

when it comes to creating metaphor, the lifeblood of poetry; perhaps, too, a certain reticence has prevented him from turning many of his emotions into art. Nevertheless, for its range, honesty, courage and wit, F.R. Scott's *Collected Poems* deserves more than mild respect.

The publication of this handsome book inevitably overshadowed the new poems by Scott's near contemporary and fellow Quebecer Ralph Gustafson. Yet *Collected Poems* (McClelland and Stewart, \$9.95), Gustafson's 11th collection, includes more than a few strong, strong, elegant poems which should enhance an already high reputation. In fact, there are some striking similarities between these two writers, notably a tendency to move beyond images based in a landscape (the wind moving white petals) to the consciousness of a young wanderer toward an engagement with the great impersonal processes that reduce to every scrap of life. The technique is a risky one. Gustafson's work has a preoccupied, abstract air, making him not be like overbearing as often much of monologue. But in his best lyrics, words that are infused with feeling back in the dry light of reason. He has worked as a music critic, and a formidable knowledge of classical music is evident throughout *Collected Poems*. It may well be that music, more than any other activity, allows this number, facilitates him to believe that human beings, as well as trees and sunlight, are touched by God.

Trees and sunlight are an obsession of the young Scottish writer Thomas A. Clark. Clark House Press, almost always a despoiling publisher, has departed from its midwestern tradition by issuing Clark's third volume of poetry, *Monter Lake* (\$5.95). Illustrated by the poet's wife, Laurie, the collection brings sheer delight. Clark's poems could hardly be more (his *Four Strangest* contains all of 12 words, yet within their limited space they could hardly be finer). *Monter Lake* contains a sequence of 18 poems based on a celebrated ballad, an apt choice, since the spirit of Clark's work also results the precise, luminous art of Javan. "A hard day's stopping

Every good Screwdriver has a silver partner.





Newman, as the wringing Miami businessman he strikes a rare note of conviction, adds a needed sense of passion to the film.

## All the news that's fit to twist

ABSENCE OF MALICE  
Directed by Sydney Pollack

Though she can appear determined, Sally Field just can't look tough. As the reporter for the *Miami Herald* who is linked to a false story in *Absence of Malice* she comes across as a Twinkie in a typewriter. The role of Megan Carter, like the dowdy ensemble she was in, isn't tailored to her talents. When she drops an ear of spaghetti, she looks desperately uncomfortable—as though she were holding a cucumber between her fingers. The Mary Bameine characterization is indicative of what the self-controlled *Absence of Malice* is up to. Purporting a serious film dealing with the ethics of twisting stories and twisting stories equally of hating the innocent, *Absence of Malice* posts falsehoods around every issue it brings up.

The story is linked to the reporter by the head of a strike force on organized crime accused to get some answers regarding the disappearance and possible murder of a union leader. The strike force suspects that Michael Gallagher (Paul Newman), a mobster's son with contacts in the underworld, might be

able to supply those answers, and what better way to lure him into telling them than planting a false story that he's being investigated in connection with the disappearance? Field and her editor fall for the story, implicitly trust the source, and never bother to check it out with Gallagher beyond a cursory phone call. Gallagher, who is a thief, hits the roof when he reads the story.

So far, so good. However, screenwriter Karl Lindke, himself a former newspaper man's hand, waffles enough with his subject. Any suspect *Absence of Malice* could have had as much by the reporter's utter lack of ambition. Least not a reporter with a hot lead at least had some excitement? Lindke is too soft on his profession, by making the press a pawn, he ignores the thought of any outright journalistic corruption. *Absence of Malice* is all tip-of-the-iceberg stuff, forever on the fence, trying to be fair to everyone. Like Patricia Field, it asks "What is truth?" but doesn't bother to stick around for an answer.

By the time all the repercussions (including a suicide) have been felt from the falsehood, the confusion is reached that everything was the result of as

serendipity. If grave, mistake it's hard to think of anyone going home from *Absence of Malice* feeling disturbed or outraged. And though the movie becomes intriguing when Field and Newman become romantically entangled, it's never really involving. There's no sexual chemistry between these two, and the director, Sydney Pollack, doesn't dramatize the tensions in a way that grips or provokes an audience.

The lack of conviction in *Absence of Malice* is perhaps a mirror of our times. Fortunately, the entire film is not so perfectly-pinkie. As the street-wise Gallagher, a man who has fought hard for his privacy and who hates the press on its own petard, Newman is by turn impassioned and detached, as he's someone who needs to remain unbiased but can't while his livelihood and peace of mind are being taken away from him. And as his friend, the Catholic school employee who positively attempts to clear his name, Melinda Dillon, nervously glomms to a coparator, in spite concluding. Only these two reveal *Absence of Malice* with the anger, surprise and flesh it otherwise lacks.

—LARRY NODD

## Dramatics of a mad housewife

MONTENEGRO  
Directed by Dusan Makavejev

*Montenegro* opens with a witty shot of Marilyn (Susan Anspach) standing on a jury in a bar coat, looking nervous and desolate. Despite her many creative misadventures, Marilyn is not entirely accurate about her life. Her rich, cynical and envious husband (Richard Josephson) has left her sexually unsatisfied for a damn-long time now, and she doesn't have a clue as to what to do with herself. This mad housewife doesn't keep a diary, but

food diary. It is also during this extended section that a young girl does something talented with a toy tank that has an artificial penis attached to it. *Montenegro*, hailed as "a witty, witty comedy," is sub-zero art. Laiden with spinous disavows (it cages are highly favored) and featuring scenes who often look as though they're loaded from another planet, the movie keeps striking odd notes simply because its essence, apart from being comic, is to be "strange." The writer and director, Dusan Makavejev, must have sat down and said to himself "Let's give every scene a slight twist." Then he must have thought how appropriate a tight, nervous actress such as Anspach would be for the role.

*Montenegro* is the name of an attractive first seen by Marilyn at the time who later mysteriously shows up as an employee of the *Miami Star*. Following coitus, she kills him and walks away from the scene in her fur coat. What immediately comes to mind is Lin Tully's cap about himself "I've been through it all, baby I'm Mad as a Coward." I'll go through life dragging my subtle behind me. Before the low-down sequence, fireworks explode in the sky while Marilyn and her man of mystery experience the ultimate blow, as the movie cuts to her husband having a threesome with a psychiatrist and his secretary. The moral of *Montenegro* seems to be that a little sex can work wonders and can also be, like leaving, a disastrous thing. —L.O.T.

## Be true to your school

TAPS  
Directed by Harold Becker

A Gen. Bache, the head of *Banker Hall Military Academy* in *Taps*, George C. Scott is a person of military romanticism—a would-be Patton who never quite made it. One day, we open learning his code, Bache regales his new cadet-major (Timothy Hutton) with tales of honor and battle of the past where "the wolf was rising in the heart." But late at night the old general is found and beaten, popping his teeth to shove off a new wolf rising in the heart.

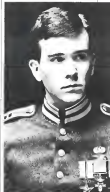
When Scott leaves the movie all too early following an accidental shooting (for which Bache is blamed but clearly isn't responsible), nearly every trace of the movie leaves with him. Prior to the accident the school had been given a year's grace before its facade was to make way for bulldozers and condominiums. Inspired by the general's rhetoric, the students, led by Bache's character,

take over the school to keep it from closing. At this point *Taps* grandly betrays upon itself the silver-by-the-minute medal.

To begin with, the notion of kids making warfare and fighting for their ideology while the police, National Guard and parents just stare outside the gates is fairly ridiculous. Had there been some liberally impassioned war-torn (the students being angered, perhaps, by the unjust blame put on the general for the shooting), the events in *Taps* might have seemed reasonable. And, as someone points out, the police or National Guard wanted to get in, they surely could, since the extensive grounds aren't really properly fortified or tightly patrolled. There is also no indication given as to how long this siege has been going on, though Harold



Anspach's mission to be strange



Hutton making laughter, not war

Becker's direction makes it seem that many more have risen and weened.

Worry-lacking though it is, *Taps* is far more stirring, and it needs our mixed message that honor is a dignified but anachronistic and destructive. The movie doesn't make up its mind on the matter either, but to proclaim the senselessness of war and violence, which it does in the most banal fashion imaginable. *Taps* sets out to provoke, and indeed it does. It provides the laughter of derision. —L.O.T.

# The ball is crystallized

By Allan Fotheringham

A user and prophet looking forward to 1992, has record unpublished by previous failures, is certain of one thing: There will be high unemployment—among reporters, editorial writers, authors and literary editors—among writers who have lived off the cottage industry known as constitutional-writing. Rhetoric forecasts will not be cut down, newspaper production will be curtailed and Reagan Force will be forced into an armed force, risk, columnist-banking. Fortunately, since progress is forever with us, the rest will not diminish as the bare constitutional cupboard will be replaced by the millions awarded in the photography business as the world waits for the cameraman who will become as instantaneously famous as the first astronaut, the groovy little man who collects the first shot of a very pregnant Lady St. There's no beating fantasy crashed with rejection.

The year, which we all shall harvest, will see Allan J. MacEachern, who entered 1985, noted as the most skillful politician among all 382 men, in his new job on a street corner, adding underwriter into Arson and in his evenings, stage performance and online-shar. Mark Gray will buy one Sametime during the year, a 30-year-old heavily content writer somewhere will burst into tears after parading in a bikini before old men, then sit down to read the last open string to earth mother Britain, will have the Queen come to Canada to declare our actual independence. The world will witness, joined, a day in February, coinciding with the February day when Lester Pearson introduced a Canadian flag, will be declared a national holiday, thus solving the principal problem of our existence, how to survive from New Year's Day (hugely football to Boston without a break Pierre Berton will replace). The Trudeauists will then achieve their ultimate aim: they will establish the Queen People will write letters to the editor.

There will be riots at the World Cup soccer finals in Spain. Someone will release balls onto the soccer pitch and a

active provision on personal visits. His retirement date can be placed as the result factor rises. He is a fair man. Every provision will get its quota.

The underestimated link between economic dominance and psychological confidence will be underlined when the Edmonton Oilers win the Stanley Cup, bringing it back from the Eastern States of America and out to the West for the first time since Olympe Taylor was a pup. Wayne Gretzky will score 300 points and has owner, Peter Puck, will reward him by buying Prince Edward Island.



Benjie Reagan, having restored polyparts as a fashion item, will attend Washington cocktail parties twirling a riding crop, then confound the growing suspicion that a growing Douglas Fairbanks is running the world. The Trudeauists, who are finally ending the last open string to earth mother Britain, will have the Queen come to Canada to declare our actual independence. The world will witness, joined, a day in February, coinciding with the February day when Lester Pearson introduced a Canadian flag, will be declared a national holiday, thus solving the principal problem of our existence, how to survive from New Year's Day (hugely football to Boston without a break Pierre Berton will replace). The Trudeauists will then achieve their ultimate aim: they will establish the Queen People will write letters to the editor.

There will be riots at the World Cup soccer finals in Spain. Someone will release balls onto the soccer pitch and a

ball will be given. The National Hockey League will continue to encourage poverty by allowing \$100,000 thugs to slug referees and then being them \$500. René Lévesque will threaten to resign, Elizabeth Taylor will marry again, Elizabeth Taylor will fire a coach. People will never let.

Having failed to achieve salvation by buying Terry Jack Harren, the Trudeauists will continue their attempts to buy the wife's Saskatchewan attorney general, Ray Donowick, the Ontario Robert Redford, which resulted up at 20,000 feet in a holding pattern over

Allan Hudsony. Trudeauists would buy Bible Bill Abernethy if they thought they could insure him. Joe Clark, who can't get no respect, will continue his act of heroism walking on coals, attempting to ignore the fact his Tories have abandoned their usual tactics and are beginning to stab him in the front. As the ruthless Mulroney-Crosby-Crosby-Crosby continue their chaos in impotence, a growing movement will continue behind former critic Michael Wilson, the Democratic Revolutionists who looks like the Randolph Scott and gives the impression he would help a little old boy stand across the street.

John Crosbie, the only man in the House of Commons who doesn't speak either of the two official languages, will attempt to master French for the upcoming "Tory leadership" race, which will be held in Quebec. When Quebec hears his first speech, Quebec will separate.

Pierre Trudeau will continue his long-range efforts of trying to find some way to have Edward Schreyer succeed him. It would save Alfred Van Long some moving costs, since they live across the drag from one another. The son, sensing the threat, may run. Lady Schreyer against him. Margaret Trudeau's book will come out. People will write letters to the editor.

Benjie Griffin will not make many more speeches and will go back to his dream of becoming the Henry Ford of the new Canadian automobile industry. Try Edouard.

Have I ever been wrong?

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